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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

BY

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B. S. Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1916.

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THESIS

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the

Degree of

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IN ENGLISH

IN

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

1918





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I HEREBY RECOMMEND THAT THE THESIS PREPARED UNDER MY  
SUPERVISION BY Thomas Carlton Upham

ENTITLED The Dramatic Works of John Galsworthy

BE ACCEPTED AS FULFILLING THIS PART OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR  
THE DEGREE OF Master of Arts

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1918



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## CHAPTER I

## INTRODUCTION; LIFE AND DEVELOPMENT AS AN AUTHOR

The object in the present study of the dramatic works of John Galsworthy has been to see as clearly and as fairly as Mr. Galsworthy himself, who weighs everything and tries to be sensitive in impression and expression. Barrett H. Clark says: "Galsworthy is so sensitive that he perhaps over-estimates the sensitiveness of his audience."<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere<sup>2</sup> it is asserted that his impartiality has become self-conscious. Whether this is wholly true or not, it is evident that the fairness and the sensitiveness of Mr. Galsworthy should be the ideals of the present writer.

Though this work is in no sense a biography, it seems most fitting at the outset to present at least a brief sketch of Galsworthy the man, the novelist and the satirist. To some he is known as the author of Strife and of the markedly popular recent novels Beyond and The Freelanders. To others he is the thoughtful writer of several volumes of keen satirical sketches,--brief, bitter, pungent and piquant. By all who read the publications of the day he is recognized as an in-

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<sup>1</sup> British and American Drama of To-day; p. 129.

<sup>2</sup> P. P. Howe: Dramatic Portraits; p. 241.





terpreter of modernity. Edwin Björkman in an interesting discussion calls Galsworthy one of the great interpreters of modern life.<sup>1</sup>

John Galsworthy,--novelist, satirist, poet, dramatist, friend of mankind and enemy of society--was born in Coombe, Surrey, England August 14, 1867. The few facts of his early life are sufficient to show that he, like Milton, studied and browsed among his books until he was close to middle life. He did not write until he was ready; when he was ready the words flowed freely and well.

He was educated at the famous preparatory school at Harrow and at the University of Oxford, where he devoted himself more or less earnestly to preparation for the bar. It was his native keenness, however, rather than any especial assiduity which later gained for him honors in law. He was called to the bar in 1890 but his practice thereafter was slight and unsatisfactory, and he soon abandoned it. Fortunately for him his family was able and willing to provide him with the means for extensive travel and unlimited education.

Thus in reading, study and travel he passed the years up to 1897. During this time (and in the years since) he visited the United States and Canada, Egypt, the Cape of Good Hope, Russia, all central Europe, Australia and the Fiji Islands. No matter where he has been his heart has always turned back to England,--not to the Surrey of his birth, but to the pleasant southwestern district of Devon, to which his home and interests were transferred early in life. Thus we find one critic writing that "his roots are English" and that "though born in Surrey, he is a Devon man."<sup>2</sup> This fact is important, because

1 Galsworthy; an Interpreter of Modernity; Review of Reviews; May 1911, 43:634-636.

2 Sheila Kaye-Smith: John Galsworthy; p. 15.





in his writings the settings, the characters, and, to some extent, the dialogue show the atmosphere of Devon. The few scenes laid outside this district are in Italy,<sup>1</sup> France,<sup>2</sup> Spain,<sup>3</sup> Germany,<sup>4</sup> Scotland,<sup>5</sup> the Tyrol and elsewhere in Austria,<sup>6</sup> America<sup>7</sup> and South Africa.<sup>8</sup> In so prolific and varied a writer as Galsworthy these exceptions are insignificant. Galsworthy has set Devon most sharply before his readers in A Man of Devon, in The Patrician, in many of the Moods, Songs and Doggerels and in several of the sketches, like Riding in Mist.<sup>9</sup> Even more in A Bit o' Love, the most recent of the ten long plays, the author charms all readers and hearers with the Devon dialect. Galsworthy, then, by his travels has widened his outlook and deepened his insight, but he has not allowed himself to write concerning those things he knows little of.

By the year 1897 Galsworthy had passed the formative period of his life. Now at the age of thirty he was preparing to write. The first period of his labors as a creative artist may be said to extend to 1904. During these seven years he contributed many short articles to various periodicals of the British Isles.<sup>10</sup> His style at once made him welcome if his satirical and sober manner did not make him popular. During these years also he put forth his first novels, but he was as yet only a beginner. He had made no stir. The principal productions to

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1 A Knight in Villa Rubein and Other Stories; The Dark Flower; Wind in the Rocks and The Inn of Tranquillity in The Inn of Tranquillity.

2 Beyond.

3 Ibid.

4 The Salvation of a Forsyth in Villa Rubein and Other Stories.

5 Beyond.

6 Villa Rubein; The Little Dream; The Little Man.

7 That Old Time Place in The Inn of Tranquillity; The Silence in Villa Rubein and Other Stories.

8 A Woman in A Motley.

9 In The Inn of Tranquillity; pp. 47-53.

10 Albany Review, New Age, Nation, English Review, Speaker, Outlook, etc.



1904 were From the Four Winds (stories), A Man of Devon (and other stories), Villa Rubein, Jocelyn and The Island Pharisees.

After 1904 Galsworthy's social interests broadened more rapidly, his insight grew more profound and his power increased. The period of the great novels from 1904 to 1911 was notable for the production of The Man of Property, The Country House, Fraternity and The Patri-cian. These with The Freelanders of a later date are considered to be, thus far, the masterpieces of the novelist.

In 1906 Galsworthy began to write for the stage, and in the first four years he gave to the world The Silver Box, Joy, Strife and Justice. The Eldest Son and The Little Dream, written before Justice, appeared later. With the exception of Joy this group of plays deals with broad social questions. It will be seen in an ensuing chapter that Joy considers just as broad a question of a different kind.

By this time Galsworthy had found himself. As early as 1900, however, he had said: "A man's no good, if he's always thinking of what others think; a man must stand on his own legs."<sup>1</sup> For Galsworthy finding himself meant an increase in the vigor of his style and a greater penetration into the problems of modern society, modern business and modern life. He did not attempt, however, to answer problems but to propound them. In 1909 he wrote: "And when, Sirs, this pale flame has sprung into the air swaying to every wind, it brings vision to the human eye. And, if it be charged on this old man Cethan that he and his lanthorn by reason of their showing not only the good but the evil bring no pleasure into the world, I ask, Sirs, what in the world is so dear as this power to see--whether it be the beautiful or the foul

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<sup>1</sup> Villa Rubein; p. 98.





that is disclosed?"<sup>1</sup> Speaking again of the novelist as lanthorn bearer, he wrote: "He was dead. And the Prince touched him, saying: 'Farewell, old man! The lanthorn is still alight. Go, fetch me another one, and let him carry it!'"<sup>2</sup> Thus when one lighter of dark corners passes on, another is found to take his place. Galsworthy himself at this time felt that he too was carrying a lanthorn.

Galsworthy's descriptive power also increased as his art developed; yet even in the first year of the century he held the attention of the thoughtful reader with such a statement as this: "In the night the spiders had spun over the grass a sea of threads that bent and quivered to the air like fairy tight-ropes."<sup>3</sup> This power had reached its height in 1910, and with it had come greater expression of interest in all dumb animals. Later I shall have occasion to speak of the many pages Galsworthy devotes to his sympathy for and with every living creature. The following excerpt from an article entitled For Love of Beasts and dated 1912 indicates the earnestness which has possessed him in the last decade. "It crept out of the bag, and squatted close to the ground, with its ears laid back. The local blackguard stirred it with his foot. It crept two yards, and squatted closer. All the terriers began shrieking their little souls out, all the cads began to yell, but the rabbit did not move--its heart, you see, was broken."<sup>4</sup>

With the year 1911 Galsworthy entered another great period of his life,--a period which was to include the production of the remain-

<sup>1</sup> A Novelist's Allegory in The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 185.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 188.

<sup>3</sup> Villa Rubein; p. 102.

<sup>4</sup> From A Sheaf; p. 15., originally a paper in the Pall Mall Gazette.





ing dramas, the publication of a volume of verse, and the composition of the most forceful satires and ironical sketches. From 1911 to the middle of 1915 we notice the output of The Little Dream and The Eldest Son (written earlier), The Fugitive, The Pigeon, The Mob, A Bit o' Love, The Little Man and Hall-marked in drama, of Moods, Songs and Doggerels in poetry, of the volumes called The Little Man and The Inn of Tranquillity in satirical "whimsies," and of the one novel The Dark Flower. In these works each story, drama or verse centers round one character or round the personality of the author himself. Galsworthy still recognizes the world of nature and men about him, but he is conscious more and more exclusively of the dramatic powers and weaknesses of the individual soul.

Since 1915 he has been more evidently experimenting, ceasing at the same time, temporarily the critics if not the masses of people hope, to write dramas.<sup>1</sup> During three years—almost the entire period covered by the Great War—he has given to the world only one volume of his inimitable sketches, two novels inferior to his best, and a short story now and then through the medium of the periodical. Unfortunately in these works one can discover a weakening of the author's powers. Yet the beautiful style remains. A Sheaf is doubtless the least striking of his sketch-books; The Freelands lacks the combined beauty and power of The Man of Property and Fraternity; but the inferiority is slight. In A Sheaf are several striking essays on the war, and in The Freelands Galsworthy gives us some of his best characters. Beyond, however, is in many respects a distinct disappointment. This novel is characterized by L. Gilman in the North American Review as

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<sup>1</sup> Galsworthy recently wrote The Foundation, which is not yet available.





follows:

"It is strange to see Mr. Galsworthy, an artist in understanding and often in craftsmanship, thus beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.....The quality of the thinking, the quality of the utterance, are too often--far too often--mechanical and perfunctory. With disquieting frequency we get machine-made patterns, stale formulas of delineation, instead of fresh, personal, closely studied indications of character. It is distressing to find an anxious and scrupulous craftsman like Mr. Galsworthy speaking soberly of a "white, scared face," of an expression of "cold contempt," of a "twisted smile," of one who "stood as if turned to stone.".....Mr. Galsworthy used to have a shrewd and vibrant sense of humor. It would not formerly have been easy to impeach him for artless banalities, for economy of thought, for undistinguished writing."<sup>1</sup>

The dismay and disappointment of the critics at this latest development of Mr. Galsworthy is perhaps best expressed in the words of Professor Ludwig Lewisohn, who says, "I see a new novel by him make its appearance with a pang of apprehension and disappointment. For he, above all other men now in view, seems called and chosen as the great modern dramatist of the English tongue."<sup>2</sup>

At the end of the year 1917 Galsworthy had passed a half century of life. He had been an author for twenty years. The world had come to recognize him. On January 1 of the present year Great Britain offered him the title of knighthood, which was instantly declined by him to the plaudits of the critics: "The thing which has best pleased

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1 Oct., 1917, 206:628-632.

2 The Modern Drama; p. 218.



the critics of the New Year's Honor List is Mr. Galsworthy's announcement that he was wrongly included in it. That is the true and only "Honors List."<sup>1</sup>

Hence, to-day, as before, he remains a plain citizen of Great Britain, ready to write as well and as much as he can as long as he lives.

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<sup>1</sup> The Nation (London); Saturday, Jan., 5, 1918, 22:457.





## CHAPTER II

### SYNOPSIS AND PRODUCTION OF THE PLAYS

In order to study the plays in detail let us first become familiar with the plots and characters. Simple though it is in plot and structure, The Silver Box, first among Galsworthy's plays, nevertheless offers both to the reader and to the spectator a picture of conditions which, if not common now, were widespread in England and America a decade or more ago. Though it can not be said, strictly speaking, that this play is based on a thesis, it is evident that a theme of a certain kind exists, about which gather the situations, the actions and the characters. This theme is the prevailing inequality of justice as it is administered to the rich and to the poor.

Wasting no words and employing no subtle artifices of unnecessary wit or tragic pathos to enhance the dramatic tension, Galsworthy places before us in rapid succession Jack Barthwick, son of a Parliament member; Jones, the under dog; Mrs. Jones, another "Patient Griselda;" Wheeler, a "brisk person" and maidservant at the Barthwicks; and Marlow, the corresponding manservant. At this point--the end of scene 2--we have learned that Jack, while intoxicated, has appropriated a reticule and its contents, the property of a midnight friend of



the opposite sex. Half-stupefied from the effects of the liquor, he has entered his home with the assistance of the street-walker Jones. When the latter has discovered that Jack is unable to offer him even so much as a small coin, he has boldly and somewhat jestingly left the house with a silver box in his possession. Before the opening of scene 3 the disappearance of the silver box has become the subject of greatest present interest among the servants.

Scene 3 introduces Barthwick and his wife and the Unknown Lady, who calls early the next day for her reticule. Though in confusion and desperation, Jack makes out his case to his father far better than it truly is, and the lady departs with a sum of money in place of the reticule. The loss of the silver box is then reported to the head of the house and suspicion falls upon Mrs. Jones, the charwoman and unfortunate wife of the thief of the first scene.

"Barthwick. (Hastily) Well--er--thank you, I just wanted to hear about you. I don't think I need detain you any longer, Mrs.--Jones.

Mrs. Jones. No, sir, thank you, sir.

Barthwick. Good morning, then.

Mrs. Jones. Good morning, sir: good morning, ma'am.

Barthwick. (Exchanging glances with his wife.) By the way, Mrs. Jones--I think it is only fair to tell you, a silver cigarette-box--er--is missing.

Mrs. Jones. (Looking from one face to the other.) I am very sorry sir.

Barthwick. Yes; you have not seen it, I suppose?

Mrs. Jones. (Realizing that suspicion is upon her; with an un-





easy movement.) Where was it, sir; if you please, sir?

Barthwick. (Evasively.) Where did Marlow say? Er--in this room, yes, in this room.

Mrs. Jones. No, sir, I haven't seen it--of course if I'd seen it I should have noticed it.

Barthwick. (Giving her a rapid glance.) You--you are sure of that?

Mrs. Jones. (Impassively.) Yes, sir. (With a slow nodding of her head.) I have not seen it, and of course I don't know where it is.

(She turns and goes quietly out.)

Barthwick. H'm!

(The three Barthwicks avoid each other's glances.)

The curtain falls."<sup>1</sup>

The plot thereafter moves rapidly to a climax. Mrs. Jones is arrested and forced to leave her three tiny children. Her husband proclaims to the police officers that he is guilty and she innocent, but his protestation is ignored. He is finally jailed himself for resisting the officers of the law. Notified to appear at the coming trial, the Barthwicks plan to conceal from the law the true situation as it relates to the son. The trial proceeds in the third act.

In the courtroom Jones with passionate words demands to be heard, proclaims the equal culpability of Jack Barthwick and cries out for justice. His plea is unheard and we are left to surmise the misery of his family of four while he remains imprisoned under hard labor for one month. Thus the plot and the play end.

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<sup>1</sup> Act I, scene 3; pp. 31-32.



"Magistrate. This is your first offence, and I am going to give you a light sentence. (Speaking sharply but without expression) One month with hard labour.

(He bends and parleys with his clerk. The Bald Constable and another help Jones from the dock.)

Jones. (Stopping and turning round.) Call this justice? What about 'im? 'E got drunk! 'E took the purse--'e took the purse but (in a muffled shout) it's 'is money got 'im off--Justice!

(The prisoner's door is shut on Jones, and from the seedy-looking men and women comes a hoarse and whispering groan.)

Magistrate. We will now adjourn for lunch! (He rises from his seat.)

(The court is in a stir. Roper gets up and speaks to the reporter. Jack, throwing up his head, walks with a swagger to the corridor: Barthwick follows.)

Mrs. Jones. (Turning to him with a humble gesture) Oh! sir!-- (Barthwick hesitates, then yielding to his nerves, he makes a shame-faced gesture of refusal, and hurries out of court. Mrs. Jones stands looking after him.)

The curtain falls."<sup>1</sup>

In Joy, which is called by Galsworthy a play on the letter "I" in three acts, the author abruptly turns his attention from an examination of contemporary judiciary conditions to a scrutiny of domestic

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<sup>1</sup> Act III; pp. 79-80.





infelicities. Briefly the story is as follows: At the very beginning the much heralded arrival of Mrs. Gwyn at the home of her uncle, Colonel Hope, R. A., retired, brings consternation to the peaceful family when it is learned that she does not come alone, but is accompanied by a friend, Hon. Maurice Lever, who has gradually stepped into the place made vacant by the recent separation of Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn. The love of the youthful Joy for her mother, whose coming has long been the subject of her thoughts, is severely put to trial as she discovers little by little that she does not occupy the only or even the supreme place in her mother's heart. In her tearful desperation she turns at the end for comfort to the love held out to her by young Dick Merton.

Such a meager synopsis of the slender plot does not bring to light the figures of Mrs. Hope, of Miss Beech the governess or of Letty, the daughter of the Hopes, and her husband. Important as these characters are, they are inessential so far as the plot itself is concerned. Each, however, serves to emphasize in some little way the play upon the letter "I". In the case of this play it is no easy matter to select portions here and there to illustrate the development of the plot, but an effort has been made. The first excerpt is taken from the opening of the play, the second from the close of the first act, the third from the middle of act III, and the last from the close of the drama.

"Mrs. Hope. I told Molly in my letter that she'd have to walk up, Tom.

Colonel. Walk up in this heat? My dear, why didn't you order Benson's fly?



Mrs. Hope. Expense for nothing! Bob can bring up her things in the barrow. I've told Joy I won't have her going down to meet the train. She's so excited about her mother's coming there's no doing anything with her.

Colonel. No wonder, after two months.

Mrs. Hope. Well, she's going home tomorrow; she must just keep herself fresh for the dancing tonight. I'm not going to get people in to dance, and have Joy worn out before they begin.

Colonel. (Dropping his paper) I don't like Molly's walking up.

Mrs. Hope. A great strong woman like Molly Gwyn! It isn't half a mile.

Colonel. I don't like it, Nell; it's not hospitable.

Mrs. Hope. Rubbish! If you want to throw away money, you must just find some better investment than those wretched 3 per cents of yours. The greenflies are in my roses already! Did you ever see anything so disgusting? (They bend over the rose they have grown, and lose all sense of everything.) Where's the syringe? I saw you mooning about with it last night, Tom.

Colonel. (Uneasily.) Mooning! (He retires behind his paper. Mrs. Hope enters the hollow of the tree.) There's an account of that West Australian swindle. Set of ruffians! Listen to this, Nell! 'It is understood that amongst the shareholders are large numbers of women, clergymen and Army officers.' How people can be such fools!"<sup>1</sup>

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"Mrs. Gwyn. Peachey, may I introduce Mr. Lever to you? Miss

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<sup>1</sup> Act I; pp. 85-86.





Beech, my old governess.

(They shake each other by the hand)

Lever. How do you do?

(His voice is pleasant his manner easy)

Miss Beech. Pleased to meet you.

(Her manner is that of one who is not pleased. She watches.)

Mrs. Gwyn. (Pointing to the tree--maliciously.) This is my uncle and my aunt. They're taking exercise, I think.

(The Colonel and Mrs. Hope emerge convulsively. They are very hot. Lever and Mrs. Gwyn are very cool.)

Mrs. Hope. (Shaking hands with him.) So you've got here! Aren't you very hot?--Tom!

Colonel. Brought a splendid day with you! Splendid!

(As he speaks, Joy comes running with a bunch of roses; seeing Lever, she stops and stands quite rigid.)

Miss Beech. (Sitting in the swing) Thunder!

Colonel. Thunder? Nonsense, Peachey, you're always imagining something. Look at the sky!

Miss Beech. Thunder!

(Mrs. Gwyn's smile has faded.)

Mrs. Hope. (Turning.) Joy, don't you see, Mr. Lever?

(Joy, turning to her mother, gives her the roses. With a forced smile, Lever advances, holding out his hand)



Lever. How are you, Joy? Haven't seen you for an age!

Joy. (Without expression.) I am very well, thank you.

(She raises her hand and just touches his.

Mrs. Gwyn's eyes are fixed on her daughter.

Miss Beech is watching them intently. Mrs.

Hope is buttoning the Colonel's coat.)

The curtain falls."<sup>1</sup>

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"Dick. (With intense earnestness.) But look here, Joy, I know a really clever man--an author. He says that if marriage is a failure people ought to be perfectly free; it isn't everybody who believes that marriage is everything. Of course, I believe it's sacred, but if it's a failure, I do think it seems awful--don't you?

Joy. I don't know--yes--if-- (Suddenly.) But it's my own mother!

Dick. (Gravely!) I know, of course. I can't expect you to see it in your own case like this. (With desperation) But look here, Joy, this'll show you! If a person loves a person, they have to decide, haven't they? Well, then, you see, that's what your mother's done.

Joy. But that doesn't show me anything.

Dick. But it does. The thing is to look at it as if it wasn't yourself. If it had been you and me in love Joy, and it was wrong, like them, of course (ruefully) I know you'd have decided right. (Fiercely.) But I swear I should have decided wrong. (Triumphantly.)

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<sup>1</sup> Act I; pp. 111-112.





That's why I feel I understand your mother.

Joy. (Brushing her sleeve across her eyes.) Oh, Dick, you are so sweet--and--and--funny!

Dick. (Sliding his arm about her.) I love you, Joy, that's why, and I'll love you till you don't feel it any more. I will. I'll love you all day and every day; you shan't miss anything, I swear it. It's such a beautiful night--it's on purpose. Look! (Joy looks: he looks at her.) But it's not so beautiful as you.

Joy. (Bending her head.) You mustn't. I don't know what's coming?

Dick. (Sidling closer.) Aren't your knees tired, darling? L--I can't get near you properly.

Joy. (With a sob.) Oh! Dick, you are a funny--comfort!

Dick. We'll stick together, Joy, always; nothing'll matter then."<sup>1</sup>

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"Colonel. (He stops, and looking up with a queer sorry look.) I say, Peachey--Life's very funny!

Miss Beech. Men and women are! (Touching his forehead tenderly) There, there--take care of your poor, dear head! Tsst! The blessed innocents!

(She pulls the Colonel's sleeve. They slip away toward the house, as Joy and Dick come back. They are still linked together, and stop by the hollow tree.)

Joy. (In a whisper.) Dick, is love always like this?

Dick. (Putting his arm around her, with conviction.) It's never





been like this before. It's you and me! (He kisses her on the lips)

The curtain falls."<sup>1</sup>

Strife, third among our author's dramas, places before us a situation at the Trenartha Tin Plate Works on the borders of England and Wales;--a situation in which it is obvious a titanic struggle is going on between the forces of capital and labor. The board of directors has come down from London to confer with the manager, Underwood, and to see for themselves just what the strike conditions are. At the meeting of the board at Underwood's home all seem in favor of compromise with the exception of John Anthony, chairman of the board. It is against his principles and his idea of the best policy to turn aside from the stand he has taken in opposition to all demands of the workmen. In the first act the board meets, confers, hears the proposition of Harness, the union representative, in favor of compromise, and receives a deputation of workmen headed by David Roberts. Anthony, rather than the board as a whole, rejects the demands of these men. Roberts, rather than his fellows, adheres to the demands of the employees. The bitter struggle for endurance lies, therefore, between Roberts and Anthony. Later, Enid Underwood, Anthony's daughter, as well as Tench, the secretary, and Frost, the valet, try to point out to the board head the advisability of modifying his position. He is intractable, however.

"Anthony. What do you know about necessity? Read your novels, play your music, talk your talk, but don't try and tell me what's at the bottom of a struggle like this.

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<sup>1</sup> Act III; p. 164.



Enid. I live down here and see it.

Anthony. What d'you imagine stands between you and your class and these men you're so sorry for?

Enid. (Coldly.) I don't know what you mean, Father.

Anthony. In a few years you and your children would be down in the condition they're in, but for those who have the eyes to see things as they are and the backbone to stand up for themselves.

Enid. You don't know the state the men are in.

Anthony. I know it well enough.

Enid. You don't, Father; if you did, you wouldn't.

Anthony. It's you who don't know the simple facts of the question. What sort of mercy you'd get if no one stood between you and the continual demands of labour? This sort of mercy--(He puts his hand up to his throat and squeezes it.) First would go your sentiments, my dear; then your culture, and your comforts would be going all the time!

Enid. I don't believe in barriers between classes.

Anthony. You--don't--believe--in--barriers--between the classes?

Enid. (Coldly.) And I don't know what that has to do with this question.

Anthony. It will take a generation or two for you to understand."<sup>1</sup>

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"Tench. (Holding the papers and a pen to Anthony, very nervously.) Would you sign these for me, please sir?

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1. Act I; pp. 193-194.





(Anthony takes the pen and signs.)

Tench. (Standing with a sheet of blotting-paper behind Edgar's chair, begins speaking nervously.) I owe my position to you, sir.

Anthony. Well?

Tench. I'm obliged to see everything that's going on, sir; I—I depend upon the Company entirely. If anything were to happen to it, it'd be disastrous for me. (Anthony nods.) And, of course, my wife's just had another; and so it makes me doubly anxious just now. And the rates are really terrible down our way.

Anthony. (With grim amusement.) Not more terrible than they are up mine.

Tench. No, sir? (Very nervously.) I know the Company means a great deal to you, sir.

Anthony. It does; I founded it.

Tench. Yes, sir. If the strike goes on it'll be very serious. I think the Directors are beginning to realize that, sir.

Anthony. (Ironically.) Indeed?

Tench. I know you hold very strong views, sir, and it's always your habit to look things in the face; but I don't think the Directors--like it, sir, now they--they see it.

Anthony. (Grimly.) Nor you, it seems.

Tench. (With the ghost of a smile.) No, sir; of course I've got my children, and my wife's delicate; in my position I have to think of these things. (Anthony nods.) It wasn't that I was going to say, sir, if you'll excuse me (hesitates)--

Anthony. Out with it, then!

Tench. I know--from my own father, sir, that when you get on



in life you do feel things dreadfully--

Anthony. (Almost paternally.) Come, out with it, Tench!

Tench. I don't like it, sir.

Anthony. (Stonily.) You must.

Tench. (After a pause, desperately bolting it out.) I think the Directors are going to throw you over, sir.

Anthony. (Sits in silence.) Ring the bell!

(Tench nervously rings the bell and stands by the fire.)"<sup>1</sup>

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"(Frost places the whiskey and soda on a salver and puts in down by Anthony's right hand. He stands away, looking gravely at Anthony.)

Frost. Nothing I can get you, sir?

(Anthony shakes his head.)

You're aware, sir, of what the doctor said, sir?

Anthony. I am.

(A pause. Frost suddenly moves closer to him, and speaks in a low voice.)

Frost. This strike, sir; puttin' all this strain on you. Excuse me, sir, is it--is it worth it, sir?

(Anthony mutters some words that are inaudible.)

Very good, sir!

(He turns and goes out into the hall. Tench

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<sup>1</sup> Act I; pp. 195-197.





makes two attempts to speak; but meeting his Chairman's gaze he drops his eyes, and, turning dismally, he too goes out. Anthony is left alone. He grips the glass, tilts it, and drinks deeply; then sets it down with a deep and rumbling sigh, and leans back in his chair.)

The curtain falls."<sup>1</sup>

In the second act the scene changes to the home of David Roberts and reveals the desperate condition of the workmen's families as a result of the winter-long strike. Mrs. Roberts is suffering from a weak heart and lack of food and heat, but she upholds her husband's actions and refuses the assistance which Mrs. Underwood offers her. Her attitude of calm resignation to present affairs, however, is in sharp contrast to the resentment and bitterness of women like Madge Thomas and Mrs. Rous. Enid has as little influence on these people as she had on Anthony, but other forces are at work.

"Thomas. (Nervously.) Roberts in?

Mrs. Roberts. Just gone on to the meeting, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas. (With relief, becoming talkative.) This is fery unfortunate, look you! I came to tell him that we must make terms with London. It is a fery great pity he is gone to the meeting. He will be kicking against the pricks, I am thinking.

Mrs. Roberts. (Half-rising.) He'll never give in, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas. You must not be fretting, that is very pat for you. Look you, there iss hartly any mans for supporting him now, but the engineers and George Rous. (Solemnly.) This strike is no longer coing





with Chapel, look you! I have listened carefully, an' I have talked with her. (Jan blows.) Sst! I don't care what the others say, I say that Chapel means us to be stopping the trouple, that is what I make of her; and it is my opinion that this is the fery best thing for all of us. If it wasn't my opinion, I ton't say—but it is my opinion, look you!

Mrs. Roberts. (Trying to suppress her excitement.) I don't know what'll come to Roberts, if you give in.

Thomas. It iss no disgrace whateffer! All that a mortal man coult do he hass tone. It iss against Human Nature he hass gone; fery natural--any man may do that; but Chapel has spoken and he must not go against her."<sup>1</sup>

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"Rous. I swore to stand by Roberts. I swore that! Ye want me to go back on what I've sworn.

Madge. (With soft slow mockery.) You are a pretty lover!

Rous. Madge!

Madge. (Smiling.) I've heard that lovers do what their girls ask them--(Jan sounds the cuckoo's notes)--but that's not true, it seems!

Rous. You'd make a blackleg of me!

Madge. (With her eyes half-closed.) Do it for me!

Rous. (Dashing his hand across his brow.) Damn! I can't.

Madge. (Swiftly.) Do it for me!

Rous. (Through his teeth.) Don't play the wanton with me!

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<sup>1</sup> Act II, scene 1; pp. 214-215.



Madge. (With a movement of her hand towards Jan--quick and low.)  
I would be that for the children's sake!

Rous. (In a fierce whisper.) Madge! Oh, Madge!

Madge. (With soft mockery.) But you can't break your word for me!

Rous. (With a choke.) Then, Begod, I can! (He turns and rushes off. Madge stands with a faint smile on her face, looking after him. She turns to Mrs. Roberts.)"<sup>1</sup>

The second scene discloses a meeting of the workmen which ends, after an intense word struggle and the news of Annie Roberts' death, with an almost unanimous reaction against Roberts and a decision to follow the advice of the union official. The third act points out the compromise between the workmen and the directors, with Harness as the go-between, and the final downfall of Anthony when he is overridden by the other directors and forced to resign. The only consolation for the defeated giants lies in the conviction that they have fought a good fight.

"Roberts. Then you're no longer Chairman of this Company! (Breaking into half-mad laughter.) Ah! ha--ah, ha, ha! They've thrown ye over--thrown over their Chairman: Ah--ha--ha! (With a sudden dreadful calm.) So--they've done us both down, Mr. Anthony?

(Enid, hurrying through the double-doors, comes quickly to her father.)

Anthony. Both broken men, my friend Roberts!

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<sup>1</sup> Act II, scene 1; p. 216.





Harness. (Coming down and laying his hands on Roberts' sleeve.)

For shame, Roberts! Go home quietly, man; go home!

Roberts. (Tearing his arm away.) Home? (Shrinking together--in a whisper.) Home!

Enid. (Quietly to her father.) Come away, dear! Come to your room!

(Anthony rises with an effort. He turns to Roberts who looks at him. They stand several seconds, gazing at each other fixedly; Anthony lifts his hand, as though to salute, but lets it fall. The expression of Roberts' face changes from hostility to wonder. They bend their heads in token of respect. Anthony turns, and slowly walks toward the curtained door."<sup>1</sup>

The writing of The Eldest Son followed closely that of Strife. This play of domestic troubles was composed in the spring of 1909. The story in outline follows. A village girl has been seduced by the underkeeper at an English country estate. Both the headkeeper, Studdenham, and the owner, Sir William Cheshire, baronet, are exerting every effort to force the young man to marry her. The play is not one act old when another unfortunate situation of a similar kind arises, involving the eldest son and his mother's maid.

"Freda. I've got something for you. (She takes a diamond ring out of her dress and holds it out to him) I've not worn it since Cromer.

Bill. Now, look here--

Freda. I've had my holiday; I shan't get another in a hurry.

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<sup>1</sup> Act III; pp. 261-262.



Bill. Freda!

Freda. You'll be glad to be free. That fortnight's all you really loved me in.

Bill. (Putting his hands on her arms) I swear--

Freda. (Between her teeth) Miss Lanfarne need never know about me.

Bill. So that's it! I've told you a dozen times--nothing's changed. (Freda looks at him and smiles.

Bill. Oh! very well! If you will make yourself miserable.

Freda. Everybody will be pleased.

Bill. At what?

Freda. When you marry her.

Bill. This is too bad.

Freda. It's what always happens--even when it's not a gentleman.

Bill. That's enough.

Freda. But I'm not like that girl down in the village. You needn't be afraid I'll say anything when--it comes. That's what I had to tell you.

Bill. What?

Freda. I can keep a secret.

Bill. Do you mean this? (She bows her head)

Bill. Good God!"<sup>1</sup>

The eldest son in the second act resolves to play the man and marry Freda. The secret is discovered accidentally by Lady Cheshire and the news reaches the other members of the family with nothing less than the force of a blow. Though brother, sister and mother try to

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<sup>1</sup> Act I, scene 2; pp. 28-29.





dissuade Bill, the real opposition to his manly decision comes from the father, who will cut him off without a penny if he persists in his course.

"Bill. I shall marry her.

Lady Cheshire. Oh! Bill! Without love--without anything!

Bill. All right, mother! (To Sir William) You've mistaken your man, sir. Because I'm a rotter in one way, I'm not necessarily a rotter in all. You put the butt end of the pistol to Dunning's head yesterday, you put the other to mine to-day. Well! (He turns round to go out) Let the d--d thing off!

Lady Cheshire. Bill!

Bill. (Turning to her) I'm not going to leave her in the lurch.

Sir William. Do me the justice to admit that I have not attempted to persuade you to.

Bill. No! you've chucked me out."<sup>1</sup>

The growing problem is solved when Studdenham, Freda's father, says he will have no charity marriage in his family, and when Freda, realizing Bill will never love her again, refuses to accept his offer of marriage. The cloud of dismay hanging over the Cheshires rapidly lifts as Studdenham leads his daughter away.

The Little Dream is called an allegory in six scenes. Seelchen, it seems, is a girl of the mountains meeting and greeting tourists who come to attempt the ascent of the great peaks about her home. On a certain evening she admits a traveller from London and secures Felsman, a guide, to accompany him on the morrow. Both Lamond, typifying

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<sup>1</sup> Act III; pp. 67-68.



the city, and Felsman, representing the hills, kiss Seelchen before retiring for the night. From those kisses she falls into a deep sleep and dreams. In her dream the mountains, the flowers, dancing youths and girls, forms of death, etc., come before her. Some speak, some tell their stories in silence. Some are there to urge Seelchen to flee to the city; others come to encourage her to remain faithful to the hills.

"The Wine Horn. Hear my song!

From far away comes the sound as of mandolins.

Seelchen. (Clasping her breast) My heart--it is leaving me!

The Cow Horn. Hear my song!

From the distance floats the piping of a Shepherd's reed.

Seelchen. (Curving her hand at her ears) The piping! Ah!

The Cow Horn. Stay with me, Seelchen!

The Wine Horn. Come with me, Seelchen!

The Cow Horn. I give thee certainty!

The Wine Horn. I give you chance!

The Cow Horn. I give thee peace.

The Wine Horn. I give you change.

The Cow Horn. I give thee stillness.

The Wine Horn. I give you voice.

The Cow Horn. I give thee one love.

The Wine Horn. I give you many.

Seelchen. (As if the words were torn from her heart) Both, both--I will love!

**And suddenly** the Peak of the Great Horn speaks.

The Great Horn. And both thou shalt love, little soul! Thou





shalt lie on the hills with Silence; and dance in the cities with Knowledge. Both shall possess thee!"<sup>1</sup>

Lamond takes her through the experiences of the city and she recoils; Felsman takes her to the mountains, but she tires of him and goes on. At the last she comes again to the Great Horn and Mystery. In the sixth scene at early morning Lamond and the guide pass the sleeping girl on their way to climb the Great Horn. She wakes, and as they leave the hut she says: "Great One, I come!.....My little dream!"

In many respects the tragic drama Justice reminds one of Strife. At the outset, William Falder, junior clerk of the solicitors How and Son, is suspected of tampering with a check. When accused he confesses. Notwithstanding the plea of the junior partner for mercy, How senior insists upon recourse to law in the usual manner, and Falder is placed in custody.

"Walter. But to brand him like this?

James. If it had been a straightforward case I'd give him another chance. It's far from that. He has dissolute habits.

Cokeson. I didn't say that—extenuating circumstances.

James. Same thing. He's gone to work in the most cold-blooded way to defraud his employers, and cast the blame on an innocent man. If that's not a case for the law to take its course, I don't know what is.

Walter. For the sake of his future, though.

James. (Sarcastically) According to you, no one would ever

<sup>1</sup> Scene 2; pp. 14-15.



prosecute.

Walter. (Nettled) I hate the idea of it.

Cokeson. That's rather ex parte, Mr. Walter! We must have protection.

James. This is degenerating into talk.

(He moves toward the partners' room)

Walter. Put yourself in his place, father.

James. You ask too much of me.

Walter. We can't possibly tell the pressure there was on him.

James. You may depend on it, my boy, if a man is going to do this sort of thing he'll do it, pressure or no pressure; if he isn't nothing'll make him.

Walter. He'll never do it again.

Cokeson. (Fatuously) S'pose I were to have a talk with him. We don't want to be hard on the young man.

James. That'll do, Cokeson. I've made up my mind."<sup>1</sup>

The wheels of justice then move on until Falder is well-nigh crushed beneath them. Though the counsel for the defense delivers a competent and fervent plea for his client, he is unable to stop the wheels in their course. Condemned to three years of penal servitude, Falder turns away from the judge with head bowed low. He has learned that his one criminal act, done in a moment of desperation to aid a maltreated married woman whom he loves, has brought upon him a heavy weight. Galsworthy shows us that weight in the third act, in three prison scenes of tremendous force, terror and import.

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<sup>1</sup> Act I; pp. 20-21.





The plot moves forward once again in the fourth act, when Falder, released from prison, becomes indiscreet and fails, as a ticket-of-leave man, to keep in touch with the police. Inability to secure employment also leads him to forge references. Thus the hands of the law are put upon him again just as he is about to resume his former position with James and Walter How. The prospect of further incarceration, however, is too frightful to be endured, and Falder, hounded on every side, throws himself over the banister to his death.

"The outer door is reopened--Wister and Sweedle are seen carrying some burden.

James. (Hurrying forward) What is it?

They lay the burden down in the outer office out of sight, and all but Ruth cluster round it, speaking in hushed voices.

Wister. He jumped--neck's broken.

Walter. Good God!

Wister. He must have been mad to think he could give me the slip like that. And what was it--just a few months!

Walter. (Bitterly) Was that all?

James. What a desperate thing!"<sup>1</sup>

Ruth Honeywill, whom Falder has loved, has left her husband previous to this. To avoid poverty she has sold herself to her employer. This becomes known to Falder just before his second arrest and is, probably, one cause of his reckless act.

The Fugitive is the intense and tragic story of the rebellion

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<sup>1</sup> Act IV; pp. 107-108.



of Clare Dedmond against her married life, against her husband, and against her friends and relatives, who, with Mr. Dedmond, attempt to curb her independent spirit and force her to remain with an uncongenial husband. George, let it be said here, is not a wretch, a villain, a brute or a debauchee, but he belongs to that type of humanity which lacks sympathy and understanding and is correspondingly cold to the emotions of a restless spirit like Clare's.

"Clare. Let me go! You'd be much happier with any other woman.

George. Clare!

Clare. I believe--I'm sure I could earn my living. Quite serious.

George. Are you mad?

Clare. It has been done.

George. It will never be done by you--understand that!

Clare. It really is time we parted. I'd go clean out of your life. I don't want your support unless I'm giving you something for your money.

George. Once for all, I don't mean to allow you to make fools of us both.

Clare. But if we are already! Look at us. We go on, and on. We're a spectacle!

George. That's not my opinion; nor the opinion of anyone, so long as you behave yourself.

Clare. That is--behave as you think right."<sup>1</sup>

Clare becomes a fugitive in the second act after she refuses

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<sup>1</sup> Act I; p. 22.





an offer of assistance from her friend Malise. She starts out to earn her own way. She has broken with relatives as well as husband and she disappears. In the third act she is found once more at the home of Malise.

"Malise. Can you typewrite where you are?

Clare. I have tried to find a new room anyway. I'm changing--to be safe. (She takes a luggage ticket from her glove) I took my things to Charing Cross--only a bag and one trunk. (Then, with that queer expression on her face which prefaces her desperations) You don't want me now, I suppose.

Malise. What?

Clare. (Hardly above a whisper) Because--if you still wanted me--I do--now.

Malise. (Staring hard into her face that is quivering and smiling) You mean it? You do? You care--?

Clare. I've thought of you--so much! But only--if you're sure.

He clasps her and kisses her closed eyes;  
and so they stand for a moment, till the  
sound of a latchkey in the door sends them  
apart."<sup>1</sup>

For three months they live together. As the approaching divorce suit pressed by Dedmond nears consummation, Clare suddenly realizes that Malise has never loved her deeply. This knowledge creates a situation intolerable to Clare, and she goes alone into the world once more. Driven to the wall at last, she draws near the brink of

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<sup>1</sup> Act III, scene 1; p. 61.



prostitution, from which she saves herself just in time by suicide.

Christopher Wellwyn and Ferrand are two such commanding figures in Galsworthy's next play or "fantasy," The Pigeon, that for the moment they crowd out the story of this delightful though ironic comedy. On Christmas eve Ann, the protagonist's daughter, reprimands her father for his ceaseless and promiscuous charitable gifts. She warns him that he will soon give away all his clothing to aid the ne'er-do-weels who hang about to pluck the poor pigeon. He promises to be more careful, especially since he has parted with his last bit of pocket money. Later, however, when a vagabond philosopher, a drunken cabby and an ill-fed flower girl approach his door, he lacks the hardness of heart to turn them away. They remain for the night distributed in various places about the pigeon's studio.

"The door opens and Ann enters from the house in a blue dressing gown, with her hair loose, and a candle held high above her head. Taking in the strange half-circle round the stove, she recoils. Then, standing her ground, calls in a voice sharpened by fright: 'Daddy-- Daddy!'

Timson. (Stirring uneasily and struggling to his feet.) All ri--! I'm comin'!

Ferrand. Have no fear, Madame!

(In the silence that follows, a clock begins loudly striking twelve. Ann remains, as if carved in stone, her eyes fastened on the strangers. There is the sound of someone falling downstairs, and Wellwyn appears, also holding a candle above his head.

Ann. Look!

Wellwyn. Yes, yes, my dear! It--it happened.





Ann. (With a sort of groan.) Oh! Daddy!

(In the renewed silence, the church clock ceases to chime.

Ferrand. (Softly, in his ironic voice.) HE is come, Monsieur! 'Appy Christmas! Bon Noël!"<sup>1</sup>

On New Year's Day the three unfortunates are still living on Wellwyn if not with him. Mrs. Megan poses, Timson cleans brushes and Ferrand provides the philosophy for the entire group, as well as for the professional charity-mongers who want to help but refuse to recognize the proper way to do it.

"Hoxton. No, sir, I repeat, if the country once commits itself to your views of reform, it's as good as doomed.

Calway. I seem to have heard that before, Sir Thomas. And let me say at once that your hitty-missy cart-load of bricks regime--

Hoxton. Is a deuced sight better, sir, than your grand-motherly methods. What the old fellow wants is a shock! With all this socialistic molly-coddling, you're losing sight of the individual.

Calway. (Swiftly.) You, sir, with your 'devil take the hindmost,' have never even seen him.

(Sir Thomas Hoxton, throwing back a gesture of disgust, steps out into the night, and falls heavily. Professor Calway, hastening to his rescue, falls more heavily still. Timson, momentarily roused from slumber on the doorstep, sits up.

Hoxton. (Struggling to his knees.) Damnation!

Calway. (Sitting.) How simultaneous!



(Wellwyn and Ferrand approach hastily.

Ferrand. (Pointing to Timson.) Monsieur, it was true, it seems they had lost sight of the individual."<sup>1</sup>

Urged by Ann, Wellwyn decides to take other lodgings and withhold from his many indigent friends his new address; but he relents again to the despair of his daughter, and remains a pigeon to the last.

"Ferrand. That makes the third of us, Monsieur. We are not in luck. To wish us dead, it seems, is easier than to let us die.

(He looks at Ann who is standing with her eyes fixed on her father. Wellwyn has taken from his pocket a visiting card.

Wellwyn. (To Ferrand.) Here quick; take this, run after her! When they've done with her tell her to come to us.

Ferrand. (Taking the card, and reading the address.) 'No. 7, Haven House, Flight Street!' Rely on me, Monsieur--I will bring her myself to call on you. Au revoir, mon bon Monsieur!.....

Timson. (In a croaky voice.) Sir!

Wellwyn. What--you, Timson?

Timson. On me larst legs, sir. 'Ere! You can see 'em for yerself! Shawn't trouble yer long.

Wellwyn. (After a long and desperate stare.) Not now--Timson--not now! Take this! (He takes out another card, and hands it to Timson.) Some other time."<sup>2</sup>

The story of The Mob is simple and straightforward. Because his love of mankind surpasses his love of country Stephen More re-

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<sup>1</sup> Act II; pp. 53-54.

<sup>2</sup> Act III; p. 78.





signs his Undersecretaryship and his Parliamentary seat when Great Britain undertakes war against a small eastern nation. In spite of the protest of his wife and her relatives, several of whom are in the war, and the advice of friends, he begins a speaking tour about England, talking against the war, which he regards as uncalled-for and a violation of the rights of the small country.

"Banning. You've seen the morning's telegrams? I tell you, Mr. More--another reverse like that, and the flood will sweep you clean away. And I'll not blame it. It's only flesh and blood.

More. Allow for the flesh and blood in me, too, please. When I spoke the other night it was not without a certain feeling here.

(He touches his heart.

Banning. But your attitude's so sudden--you'd not been going that length when you were down with us in May.

More. Do me the justice to remember that even then I was against our policy. It cost me three weeks' hard struggle to make up my mind to that speech. One comes slowly to these things, Banning.

Shelder. Case of conscience?

More. Such things have happened, Shelder, even in politics.

Shelder. You see, our ideals are naturally low--how different from yours!"<sup>1</sup>

Opposition to him becomes severe and he is stoned at a meeting place. Finally, returning home, he hears a last plea from his wife. When he continues firm in his stand, she leaves him with their little daughter, asserting that she can not live with one so exalted as he.

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<sup>1</sup> Act II; pp. 30-31.



"Katherine. Don't. I ought to have made what I meant plain-  
er. I am not coming back.

More. Not--? Not while the house--

Katherine. Not--at all.

More. Kit!

Katherine. I warned you from the first. You've gone too far!

More. (Terribly moved) Do you understand what this means? After  
ten years--and all--our love!

Katherine. Was it love? How could you ever have loved one so  
unheroic as myself!

More. This is madness, Kit--Kit!

Katherine. Last night I was ready. You couldn't. If you could  
n't then, you never can. You are very exalted, Stephen. I don't like  
living--I won't live, with one whose equal I am not. This has been  
coming ever since you made that speech. I told you that night what  
the end would be.

More. (Trying to put his arms round her) Don't be so terribly  
cruel!

Katherine. No! Let's have the truth! People so wide apart don't  
love! Let me go!"<sup>1</sup>

The mob now turns more violently against him and in a final  
accidental catastrophe stabs him to death. An "aftermath" reveals a  
tablet erected to the memory of More, faithful to his ideal.

A Bit o' Love depicts the struggle of Michael Strangway against  
his environment and against the inclinations of his own soul. In the

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<sup>1</sup> Act IV; pp. 68-69.





first act his wife, who has been separated from him for some time, returns to his boarding place and pleads to be allowed to live her own life in her own way. She asks Strangway to take no actions against the man she is now living with. After an intense mental struggle, he accedes.

"Strangway. Why have you come to me like this?

Beatrice. To know what you're going to do. Are you going to divorce me? We're in your power. Don't divorce me--Doctor and patient--you must know--it ruins him. He'll lose everything. He'd be disqualified, and he hasn't a penny without his work.

Strangway. Why should I spare him?

Beatrice. Michael, I came to beg. It's hard.

Strangway. No; don't beg! I can't stand it.

Beatrice. (Recovering her pride) What are you going to do, then? Keep us apart by the threat of a divorce? Starve us and prison us? Cage me up here with you? I'm not brute enough to ruin him.

Strangway. Heaven!

Beatrice. I never really stopped loving him. I never really loved you, Michael.....

.....Strangway. (Quietly) You ask me to help you live in secret with another man?

Beatrice. I ask for mercy.

Strangway. (As to himself) What am I to do?

Beatrice. What you feel in the bottom of your heart.

Strangway. You ask me to help you live in sin?

Beatrice. To let me go out of your life.

Strangway. I want you. Come back to me! Beatrice, come back!



Beatrice. It would be torture, now.

Strangway. (Writhing) Oh!

Beatrice. Whatever's in your heart--do!

Strangway. You'd come back to me sooner than ruin him? Would you?

Beatrice. I can't bring him harm.

Strangway. (Turning away) God!--if there be one--help me! (He stands leaning his forehead against the window. Suddenly his glance falls on the little bird-cage, still lying on the window-seat) Never cage any wild thing! (He gives a laugh that is half a sob; then, turning to the door, says in a low voice) Go! Go please, quickly! Do what you will. I won't hurt you--can't--But--go! (He opens the door)

Beatrice. (Greatly moved) Thank you!

She passes him with her head down and goes out quickly."<sup>1</sup>

Because a little girl, Mercy Jarland, overhears the conversation, the village is soon aware of what has taken place. Few can understand and countenance his action, and almost his entire parish turns against him. Public opinion becomes too strong for him and he at length resigns his church duties. His own doubt as to the wisdom of his action is an even greater source of worry to him. In his agony he contemplates suicide. Only the presence of a little child and the friendship of Jack Cremer, whose wife has just died, save him from the rash deed.

"There is the sound of scrabbling at the latch of the side

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<sup>1</sup> Act I; pp. 23-26.





door, and Strangway comes into the nearly dark barn. Out in the night the owl is still hooting. He closes the door, and that sound is lost. Like a man walking in his sleep, he goes up to the ladder, takes the rope in his hand, and makes a noose. He can be heard breathing, and in the darkness the motions of his hands are dimly seen, freeing his throat and putting the noose round his neck. He stands swaying too and fro at the foot of the ladder; then, with a sigh, sets his foot on it to mount. One of the big doors creaks and opens to the wind, letting in a broad path of moonlight.

Strangway stops; freeing his neck from the noose, he walks quickly up the track of moonlight, whitened from head to foot, to close the doors.

The sound of his boots on the bare floor has awakened Tibby Jarland. Struggling out of her hay nest she stands staring at his whitened figure, and bursts suddenly into a wail.

Tibby. O--oh! Mercy! Where are yū? I'm frightened! I'm frightened! O-oooo!

Strangway. (Turning--startled) Who's that? Who is it?

Tibby. O--oh! A ghosty! Oo--coo!

Strangway. (Going to her quickly) It's me, Tibby--Tib--only me!

Tibby. I see'd a ghosty.

Strangway. (Taking her up) No, no, my bird, you didn't! It was me."<sup>1</sup>

He leaves the barn with the little girl, and, meeting Cremer, he decided they shall be a comfort to one another in their afflictions.

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<sup>1</sup> Act III, scene 2; pp. 79-80.



Scene 1 of The Little Man is laid outside the buffet of an Austrian railway station. The characters are a waiter, an Englishman and his wife, an American traveller, a German traveller, a Dutch youth, a woman, a baby and the little man. Dutch stupidity, German imbecility and feigned superiority, English reticence and indifference, and American vulgarity vie with each other in harassing the waiter. Mingled in the blood of the little man are the better characteristics of the Englishman, the German, the Dutchman and the American. Thus he becomes cosmopolitan and humanitarian in a high degree. He reveals this at the close of the short scene when he alone possesses sufficient courtesy, kindness and presence of mind to assist the woman, with her baby and bundles, to the belated train. Later, in scenes 2 and 3, the little man, with the infant unexpectedly and accidentally left in his care, proves his courage and tenacious goodwill by guarding the child when travellers and railroad officials alike become convinced that he is holding a typhus victim in his arms. The bewildered and embarrassed man at length returns the baby to the distracted mother, who is at once able to show that the symptoms of typhus are nothing more than bits of color rubbed from the shawl upon the infant's face.

Even more satirical is the very short one act farce entitled Hall-marked. A dog fight is the prelude to a meeting between four members of two super-respectable families and a new resident of the neighborhood. By chance this woman leaves her ring in the bath. Its absence from her finger causes the abrupt departure of the two couples, who would have welcomed her to their homes if their suspicions had not been aroused.





"Lady Ella. (producing a card). I can't be too grateful for all you've done for my poor darling. This is where we live. Do come--and see--(Maud, whose eyes have never left those hands, tweaks Lady Ella's dress.) That is--I'm--I--

(Herself looks at Lady Ella in surprise.)

The Squire. I don't know if your husband shoots, but--if--(Maud, catching his eye, taps the third finger of her left hand)--er--does--er--er--

(Herself looks at The Squire surprised.)

Maud. (turning to her husband, repeats the gesture with the low and simple word) Look!

The Rector. (with round eyes, severely). Hannibal!

(He lifts him bodily and carries him away.)

Maud. Don't squeeze him, Bertie! (She follows through the French window.)

The Squire. (abruptly--of the offending Edward). That dog'll be forgettin' himself in a minute. (He picks up Edward, and takes him out. Lady Ella is left staring.)

Lady Ella. (at last). You mustn't think, I--you mustn't think, we--Oh! I must just see that they don't let Edward get at Hannibal. (She skims away.)

(Herself is left staring after Lady Ella, in surprise.)

She. What is the matter with them?

(The door is opened.)

The Maid. (entering, and holding out a wedding-ring--severely). You left this, m'm, in the bathroom."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> In The Little Man and other Satires; pp. 55-56.



Let us now consider very briefly the production of the plays and the criticism which appeared either at the time or at some later date. In the season of 1906 the theatrical and critical world of New York and London, then just beginning grudgingly to tolerate Shaw, and still holding up the comedies of Clyde Fitch, Henry Arthur Jones and Sir Arthur Pinero as models in modern drama, received a distinct surprise, not to say "shock", by the production of The Silver Box at the Empire Theatre in the American metropolis and at the Court Theatre in London. Among critics and a small group of the public Galsworthy was already known as a novelist. How could he expect to be a dramatist as well, was the thought. The first productions were a success. Opinion in regard to the play, however, was divided. William Archer characterized it as an "admirable genre picture rather than a searching tragedy."<sup>1</sup> In the Theatre Magazine an unfavorable reviewer wrote that "the intent of Mr. Galsworthy is earnest, but he does not accomplish his full purpose with the play."<sup>2</sup> In 1909 the Fortnightly Review alluded to the general surprise at the new drama: "In first witnessing The Silver Box one was inclined to imagine that the producer and the players had much to do with the plasticity of the dialogue and the clearness of the characterization; but since the play has been published, the author's own talent is seen to be the sole reason of the excellence of the play as a medium for acting."<sup>3</sup>

The first performance of Joy occurred in 1907 at the Savoy Theatre in London. Though it has never been regarded as a masterpiece,

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1 William Archer: Playmaking; p. 113

2 May 1907, 7:114 and 129.

3 John Galsworthy as Dramatist; May 1909, 91:971-977.





it has been used successfully as a stage piece on several occasions. In the first season it was profitably employed in repertory at the Savoy with plays by Shaw, old Greek dramas and what might be called popular comedies. Joy is a comedy; yet, it is true, as Professor Lewisohn comments, that "it betrays a less happy mood than the others;"<sup>1</sup> that is, Mr. Galsworthy was less fortunate here in his conception of plot and character. Criticism of Joy is limited. It is said that "in spite of some languors, the play is quick-moving and closely knit, and the author keeps the central situation well in hand."<sup>2</sup> P. P. Howe feels that "Joy, though a pale little play, is in some respects the most interesting Galsworthy has yet written."<sup>3</sup> Surely Joy has "all of Mr. Galsworthy's sensitiveness and delicacy,"<sup>3</sup> but it is encumbered by a heavy and crushing plot.<sup>4</sup>

A flood of critical comment of every kind greeted Strife at its appearance at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, in 1909, and the play continues to-day a subject for notice whenever Galsworthy's works are mentioned or the modern drama studied. On the one side we have disapproval: Strife "is a typical unrelieved monochrome."<sup>4</sup> It is not a great play "because it is founded upon insufficient premises, is specious and illustrative, rather than logical in its development, and because it ends inconclusively, so far as the main problem is concerned, or, at all events, in a moral which is by no means of universal application."<sup>5</sup> "Merely strife, unavailing strife.....No play

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<sup>1</sup> The Modern Drama; p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> John Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith; p. 39.

<sup>3</sup> Dramatic Portraits; p. 251.

<sup>4</sup> Dramatists of To-day, J. G. Storer; Living Age, Jan., 24, 1914, 280: 229.

<sup>5</sup> Nation; Nov., 25, 1909, 89:520-521.



has value if the ordinary intelligence can not take it in.....Here is a drama that does not go to the point at all."<sup>1</sup> ✓

On the other side elaborate praise is plentiful: "Strife is a comedy of forces.....Strife is a great play."<sup>2</sup> "It is notable..... as the best statement on the English stage of a social problem."<sup>3</sup> "Mr. Galsworthy's play rings so true that not even the average stage-manager<sup>4</sup> could have made it ring false."<sup>5</sup> "Strife is quite able to stand by the words alone."<sup>6</sup>

In the autumn of 1909 Strife was particularly successful at the New Theatre, New York, the scene of the play being transferred from the south of England to Ohio. Otherwise it was produced as in London. The New York Evening Post declared that this drama "must be accounted among the most notable, the most interesting, and the most adroit of contemporaneous English dramas."

Justice went on the boards next at the Duke of York's Theatre. The time was February 21, 1910,—a date memorable in English dramatic circles because of the influence the tragedy was to have in impelling the Home Secretary Winston Churchill to inaugurate reforms in the penal laws. ✓ The International Year Book for 1916 spoke of the American production of that year at the Candler Theatre, New York, as one of the most notable of the dramatic year. ✓ Yet seven different theatre managers turned the play down. John D. Williams at length secured the

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1 Theatre Magazine; Jan., 1910, 11:2-3.

2 Saturday Review; March 20, 1909, 107:367-368. By Max Beerbohm.

3 Aspects of Modern Drama, Chandler, p.354.

4 Granville Barker, a capable stage-manager, produced it.

5 Saturday Review; March 20, 1909, 107:367-368.

6 Bookman; Sept., 1909, 30:15-16.





Candler Theatre and a well-balanced cast with John Barrymore in the role of William Falder. The play had already been presented at New Haven, and now, day after day, during the first week of April the theatre filled to the doors. It was an unusual tribute to a play which apparently was not made of the "stuff" which draws the crowds. The Chicago production by the Hull House Players on March 29, 1911 also brought out the most astonishing approval.

Very bitter are some critics in their estimates of the play; others express equally unsuitable adoration for it. The two commentators quoted below represent two extreme views, but they both exercise judgments which are somewhat restrained and wholly plausible.

"We are getting on. Time was when our drama was so utterly divorced from life that the critics never dreamed of condemning a play for artificiality.....And now.....they are beginning to decry plays on the ground that they are indistinguishable from life.....I am not going to join in the doubts, expressed by so many critics, whether Justice, in the repertory at the Duke of York's, be proper art. 'Cinematographic' they call it. So it is, in a sense. We really do, in seeing it, have the sensation of seeing reproduced exactly things that have happened in actual life. Or rather, we feel that we are seeing these things actually happen. If the cinematograph were chromatic and stereoscopic, and free from vibration, and gramaphonic into the bargain, Mr. Galsworthy might--no, even then, as I shall presently show, he would not have a dangerous rival.....An angry murmur of 'Sh!' runs round the court, and we ourselves have joined in it,..... We are haunted by it afterwards as by an actual experience, not as by a tragic play. And part of this effect is due, of course, to the ex-





cellence of the stage management and of the acting. But of what avail would these things be if the play itself were not true to life? At the game of producing an absolute illusion of reality a dramatist is heavily handicapped in competition with the cinematograph, undeveloped though that machine still is.....What the dramatist presents to us has not happened, has to be specially concocted. Only by constant observation of the surface of things, and then by a laborious process of selection and rejection, can the dramatist evoke in us that absolute illusion.....

"Especially such a play as Justice, which is the vehicle for criticism of certain conditions of modern life, would be of no value whatsoever if the characters were not types, and if the story were not typical. I think in Justice, as in Strife, it is because Mr. Galsworthy so carefully eschews any show of sympathy with one character, or of antipathy against another, that the charge of cinematography is preferred against him.....

"Mr. Galsworthy never takes an unfair advantage. He dispenses with many quite fair advantages. Is this merely because he is a detached and dispassionate observer of life? The reason is the very contrary. It is because he is fulfilled with pity for the victims of a thing he vehemently hates, and because he is consumed with an anxiety to infect his fellowmen with this hatred and this pity, that he strives so unremittingly to be quite impartial. He knows that a suspicion of special pleading would jeopardize his case.....He doesn't mind losing the credit for having fine feelings and being regarded as merely a cold-hearted person who just wants to frighten and depress, so long as he does succeed in his object of frightening and depressing





us. He wants us to have to say 'This is life;' and if we then round on him, saying 'And you're a blooming cinematograph! Yah!' he takes our outburst as rather a compliment than otherwise. He sees that his object is achieved. That we should recognize the passion and artistry in him is a matter of less importance.

"In some of his works he does certainly lay himself open to a (very superficial) charge of inhumanity.....In Justice, however, there is no fundamental pessimism.....A little spurring of the scientific intelligence in us and of our common humanity is all that is needed to induce reform.....The method of solitary confinement, for example, is good merely as torture. And it is against this particular part of our penal system that Mr. Galsworthy directs his strongest shafts. No one, nowadays, has a word in defence of solitary confinement. And I shall be surprised if Mr. Galsworthy has not delivered its death-blow. The cell-scene in the third act is, for purposes of horror, more effective than tomes of written words, however pungent. When the curtain falls, the auditorium is as silent as the very prison whose silence the convict has just broken by hammering with his fists against his door; and not even when, a moment later, the curtain rises, and we see Mr. Dennis Eadie cheerfully bowing his acknowledgments to us, is the horror undone."<sup>1</sup>

"Up to a certain point it is emphatically a play.....But the spectacle is not invigorating. Justice begins and ends as rather a squalid anecdote. The characters, accurately as they are drawn, are of no particular interest. What they do and what they suffer can not appal us.....We are willing to believe that he (Mr. Galsworthy) has

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<sup>1</sup> Saturday Review; March 5, 1910, 109:296-297. By Max Beerbohm



stayed in prison not quite long enough to overcome a prejudice against necessary punishments. And when we have admitted so much, we can not think that Justice justifies itself.....The episode, or series of episodes, is painful enough, and gains little by presentation on the stage. Mr. Galsworthy spares us nothing, and interprets his story with literalness and without pity. Why he selected this antithesis of the picturesque, this somewhat tiresome specimen of squalor, we know not. The one excuse that can be found for him is that he is preaching a sermon, and the prejudice, which peeps out now and again from the drab surface of the realism, convinces us that the preacher throughout has got the better of the dramatist.....We have heard not a little of Mr. Galsworthy's impartiality.....We can not think that he has exercised this rare restraint in the composition of Justice. From beginning to end he seems intent upon a thesis, or upon two theses. He grinds his axes in the glaring brilliance of the footlights.....The Greeks banished behind their scene whatever was too painful to be witnessed, and it is a pity that Mr. Galsworthy did not employ a like reticence.....It is a law of the drama that the dramatist should not preach too loudly or too obviously, and though Justice may long retain a place in Mr. Frohman's repertory, we trust that we shall never be asked to hear again its devil's advocacy."<sup>1</sup>

The Little Dream was first introduced to playgoers in 1911 at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, England. This is absolutely not an acting play, though there seems to be no reason why it can not be performed in private theatricals. Negative criticism abounds: "The idea

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<sup>1</sup> Blackwood's Magazine; April 1910, 187:582-584.





upon which it is founded is trite and is not treated with any notable power or originality.....A symbolism that is not clear can never be effective or useful."<sup>1</sup> "Artificial beauty."<sup>2</sup> "Held to earth by its too elaborate machinery."<sup>3</sup> "The author's imagination has profoundly impressed neither his substance nor his form."<sup>4</sup> The Outlook surprises us by stating that The Little Dream "might have sprung from the pen and the heart of Peter Rosegger himself."<sup>5</sup>

Probably The Pigeon, all in all, has evoked a more unified response than any of the other plays. Produced in the winter of 1912 at the Royalty Theatre, London, and later in the same year at the Little Theatre, New York, it at once impressed many as "an exquisite epilogue"<sup>6</sup> to Strife and Justice. How it impressed others may be learned from what follows: "It has no plot in the conventional sense.....It proves nothing.....sympathetic characterization, happy dialogue, atmospheric visualization."<sup>7</sup> "In most artistic fashion Mr. Galsworthy has succeeded better than in any of his other plays in demonstrating the irony of things."<sup>8</sup> "The first two acts of Mr. Galsworthy's new play are upon a new level from anything he has so far written for the theatre. It is the more unfortunate that he has almost spoiled his title to be reconsidered as a dramatic writer by adding to these acts a third which is not only unnecessary to the play, but written in an unrelated key. In the first two acts of The Pigeon Mr. Galsworthy as-

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1 Nation; Sept., 2, 1911, 93:270.

2 Saturday Review; July 15, 1911, 112:88

3 Living Age; Jan., 24, 1914, 280:229.

4 The Modern Drama, Ludwig Lewisohn; p. 209.

5 Outlook; May 3, 1913, 104:38.

6 The Modern Drama, Ludwig Lewisohn; p. 215.

7 Dial; June 16, 1912, 52:469.

8 The Independent; March 21, 1912, 72:617-619.



pires to the level of Gorki. In the third act he falls abruptly to the level of himself in Justice.<sup>1</sup> "This inconclusive tract is written with a richness of imaginative sympathy which makes one wonder a little that the author should be able to maintain that Olympian aloofness which forbids him to suggest a remedy. There is character in the piece, and humour, and wistfulness, and poignancy. Though Mr. Galsworthy is not a born dramatist he seems to be a great man. This feeling somehow disarms criticism of the technical fabric of his work. There are not so many great men in the world that it can ever cease to be a privilege to listen to them."<sup>2</sup>

Once more in The Eldest Son (first performance at the Kingsway Theatre, London, in the autumn of 1912) Galsworthy puzzled his audiences and his readers. Some applauded a new stage success and a new literary masterpiece; others saw in the play obvious faults and neglected to observe the excellences. John Palmer in the Saturday Review for December 7, 1912 condemned the play on the ground that it was a scenario and that its few merits were only negative. "A most lame and impotent ending," proclaimed the Nation.<sup>3</sup> Charlton Andrews feels that "the play lacks.....both in high indignation and in fanciful charm."<sup>4</sup> The Graphic Magazine finds only opportunity for praise: "It is a play of great human interest."<sup>5</sup> "It will hold you as the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest.....Beautifully, though not bookishly written, it is a piece of work on which Mr. Galsworthy has good cause to con-

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1 Saturday Review; Feb., 10, 1912, 113:169-170.

By John Palmer.

2 Bookman; May 1912, 35:243-246.

3 December 12, 1912, 95:572.

4 The Drama To-day; p. 130.

5 Dec., 7, 1912, 86:897.





gratulate himself."<sup>1</sup> "It is a piece of work more shapely and firm-textured than most of Mr. Galsworthy's"<sup>2</sup> is the verdict of The Independent.

Mr. Galsworthy's eighth play received, largely, discriminating praise. By the year 1913 his defects were known and his merits recognized. The announcement of The Fugitive and its production at the Royal Court Theatre, September 16, 1913 aroused interest, but there was no such outburst of encomium and dispraise as in earlier years. It is called "a psychological romance, finely imagined,"<sup>3</sup> clever, vigorous, sincere, skillful.<sup>4</sup> It contains "many strokes of descriptive and dramatic genius, but the effect of it is unsympathetic."<sup>5</sup> In the judgment of a writer in the Saturday Review The Fugitive "is honest work. It has all the qualities of its author at their highest exaggeration, and, as I like to see people have the full courage of their vices as well as of their virtues, I like it better than many of his more cautious dramatic utterances.....Mr. Galsworthy has been at rather less pains than usual to cover his tracks.....His anger, on behalf of his men and women, against mankind collected into societies is utterly sincere. When Mr. Galsworthy passes on this fury to ourselves he has at any rate achieved what is art according to the definition of Tolstoi."<sup>6</sup>

Just before the Great War The Mob was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, March 30, 1914. As the reviewers were not antici-

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1 Nov., 30, 1912, 86:854.

2 Dec., 26, 1912, 73:1498-1499.

3 Academy; Sept., 27, 1913, 85:396.

4 Nation; March 26, 1914, 98:342.

5 Ibid.

6 Sept., 20, 1913, 116:359.



pating a play of this character from Mr. Galsworthy, the response was not altogether agreeable. Mr. Archer, however, though he thinks the author "has let the humanitarian get the upper hand of the artist," styles it "a distinguished piece of work."<sup>1</sup> The Dial<sup>2</sup> and The Independent<sup>3</sup> laud the play, while The Academy confesses "a bitter disappointment.....Let The Mob be forgotten.....He avoids showing us anything real; he never touches us for a moment.....Where, we wondered, is the wit of the author of The Pigeon, the penetrating satire of the man who would give us The Silver Box, the brilliant sociologist of The Eldest Son, the tenderness of The Fugitive?"<sup>4</sup>

A Bit o' Love was acted and published a year later than The Mob. This play has never been recognized as a piece especially fitted for stage purposes, but in the study it is entertaining. Criticism is exceedingly scanty. The following quotation expresses a general estimate. "A Bit o' Love is in a sense the most personal of all the plays --I say in a sense, because, for the first time, we find Galsworthy definitely exploiting place.....It will be interesting to watch if he chooses to develop along this line.....There is some good work in the play, an atmosphere of beautiful wistfulness, tenderly combined with the bumpkin clump and flit.....There is infinite pathos in Strangway and Cremer setting out for a long tramp together in the link of their bruised hearts--and Galsworthy has done nothing more kindly-humorous than the meeting at the village inn, with Sol Potter uneasily in the chair. The play is beautifully written, but it would

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1 Nation; May 14, 1914, 98:582.

2 July 16, 1914, 57:55.

3 July 13, 1914, 79:72.

4 April 26, 1914, 86:533.





seem as if the author had scarcely a clear idea himself of Strangway, and a little more planning might have saved him from one or two banalities."<sup>1</sup>

Several of Galsworthy's dramas have been associated with the new movements of the little theatres, private theatricals and the repertory theatre. The Silver Box, Joy, Strife, Justice and The Pigeon have proved their peculiar adaptability in a small theatre before an audience of the proper type. The later plays seem to conform to like conditions.

Galsworthy's development as a dramatist has been appreciated in the United States. His books are regularly published in New York by Scribner's Sons immediately after their accessibility in England. Even in Germany, before 1914, some of Galsworthy's work had become well known through published translations. Justice (Justiz), The Country House (Das Herrenhaus), and The Pigeon (Der Menschenfreund) were noticeably appreciated.

In publication the dramas are grouped in series, three plays in each series. They are also issued separately. Mr. Galsworthy has yet to complete the series begun by A Bit o' Love.

In nearly all public performances of his plays the author has been fortunate in his managers and his actors. Most faithful attention to details on the part of the former and the hearty cooperation of the latter have done much to keep the Galsworthian public loyal and satisfied. This is an encouragement to any dramatist.

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<sup>1</sup> John Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith; pp. 44.



## CHAPTER III

## GALSWORTHY'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

One who reads at all widely in the works of John Galsworthy can not fail to be impressed by the consistency of the author's philosophy of life, or, if we so wish to call it, his conception of life and his representation of it. As we shall discover hereafter in discussing the problems with which Mr. Galsworthy is concerned, the subject matter of the plays is the subject matter of the novels and sketches. We shall also find that the themes of the plays are so many and varied that a repetition in subject matter never becomes tautologous.

This congruity in philosophy and in presentation is no more marked than the parallel development of the plays, the novels and the sketches. As indicated in a preceding chapter,<sup>1</sup> period corresponds to period and interest to interest. Here and there the progress of the novelist may precede that of the dramatist and vice versa, but in general the changes coincide. The total impression of Strife and Justice is not dissimilar to that of The Man of Property and Fraternity; while

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<sup>1</sup> Chapter I, pp. 3-6.





The Fugitive and A Bit o' Love at least in outline resemble The Dark Flower and The Patrician. Such facts as these make it seem most appropriate to consider at one and the same time Galsworthy's philosophy of life as shown in the dramas and as shown in the novels and sketches. First, however, I propose to consider the subject matter in some detail.

In approaching his problems Galsworthy chooses, naturally enough, to study, from above, the middle and lower classes with which he is most acquainted and with which he sympathizes most closely. In other words he considers his lower class problems from the point of view of the country-house gentry. He takes the position he knows best. Hauptmann, who lived as a youth among the poor, treats similar problems, but observes them from a position among the peasants. That the two great dramatists reach approximately the same conclusions is a significant fact.<sup>1</sup>

To a certain extent it is true, as Mr. Ashley Dukes says, that Galsworthy is a faithful portrayer both of the downtrodden and of the upper stratum of society,<sup>2</sup> but, what is far more important, his patricians are few in number and his plebeians almost countless. One large group, to be sure, consists of the country squires, landed proprietors, artists, professional men of a sober, average type, and the like; yet he never ventures above the middle, or the upper middle, class except in the one notable exception of The Patrician.

"Mr. Galsworthy," it is asserted, "has reaffirmed the existence of the common man."<sup>3</sup> He has deigned to cast his eye on the poor of hu-

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1 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Walter H. R. Trumbauer; p.14.

2 Modern Dramatists, p. 142.

3 Ibid; p. 141.



manity and make them the heroes rather than the butts of his art. As we shall see, his persistent interest in the common man permeates his philosophy of life.

Nevertheless, in facing his problems, he does not forget for an instant the dependence of class upon class. Speaking of The Silver Box, Mr. Dukes writes: "Here we see at once that interpenetration of classes which distinguishes Mr. Galsworthy."<sup>1</sup> If the dramatist remembers this, certainly the novelist does not forget it, and in such a novel as Fraternity the reader meets the old and the young, the starving, the criminal, the self-sufficient and the reformer, and sees them not as figures moving independently each in a world of his own, but as men and women acting and reacting one upon another as has been the case since the world began.

The interrelation of classes and of problems, therefore, forms an essential part of Galsworthy's subject matter. He contrasts the rich and the poor in The Silver Box, in Strife, and in The Eldest Son; in Fraternity and in The Freelands; and in A Commentary.

In his dramas the author is able to present his questions much more satisfactorily than in his sketches and novels because the dramatic instinct is more pronounced in him than the narrative. As Professor Brander Mathews says: "The play in its highest development is now a single action, swiftly presented," and "the play is least dramatic when it most closely resembles the novel."<sup>2</sup> The "single action, swiftly presented," is Mr. Galsworthy's forte, and we shall expect to

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1 Modern Dramatists; Ashley Dukes; p. 142.

2 Inquiries and Opinions; p. 192.





find his subject matter most forcefully and, probably, most effectively expressed in the dramas and sketches.

At the beginning of his career Galsworthy regarded only the problems which most prominently confronted him; yet up to 1904 he had written of death and love in Villa Rubein<sup>1</sup> and of love and freedom in love in The Island Pharisees. In the latter he reveals a woman whose love is waning but whose conscience, the heritage of her class, holds her faithful to her engagement. Her fiancé, on the contrary, believes there should be no marriage where no love is. Thus Galsworthy writes of this situation:

"I was wrong to ask you to go away. I see now that it was breaking my promise, and I didn't mean to do that. I don't know why things have come to be so different. You never think as I do about anything.

'I had better tell you that that letter of Monsieur Ferrand's to mother was impudent.. Of course, you didn't know what was in it; but when Professor Brayne was asking you about him at breakfast, I felt that you believed that he was right and we were wrong, and I can't understand it. And then in the afternoon, when that woman hurt her horse, it was all as if you were on her side. How can you feel like that?

'I must say this, because I don't think I ought to have asked you to go away, and I want you to believe I will keep my promise, or I should feel that you and everybody else had a right to condemn me. I was awake all last night, and have a bad headache this morning. I

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<sup>1</sup> PP. 282-291 and 292-299.



can't write any more.

Antonia.'.....

.....In that letter there was something tyrannous, a denial of his right to have a separate point of view. It was like a finger pointed at him as an unsound person. In marrying her he would be marrying not only her, but her class--his class. She would be there always to make him look on her and on himself, and all the people that they knew, and the things that they did, complacently; she would be there to make him feel himself superior to everyone whose life was cast in other moral moulds. To feel himself superior, not blatantly, not consciously, but with subconscious righteousness."<sup>1</sup>

And so he absolved her from her promise, thus securing independence of mind for himself and insuring it to her so far as he was concerned. Thus Galsworthy makes a specific study of the freedom of the individual. In all his later work he indicates or boldly enunciates this feeling for spiritual (as well as political) liberty.

Since about 1904 Mr. Galsworthy has been at the forefront leading the way in investigations into social conditions. Problems concerning sex and morality early attracted him, and in his latest novel, Beyond, sex study is the dominant characteristic. The author mentions this subject in The Silver Box;<sup>2</sup> he approaches it in Joy;<sup>3</sup> in The Eldest Son<sup>4</sup> we have a "protest against considering a woman's honor as made whole by marriage to her seducer;<sup>5</sup> in Strife Madge Thomas threat-

1 PP. 313, 315.

2 Act I, scene 3; p. 29.

3 Act I; pp. 90, 94, etc.

4 PP. 5, 6, 9-19, 22-23, 28-29, and generally throughout the play.

5 Aspects of Modern Drama, Chandler; p. 321.





ens to become a wanton for her young brother's sake if her lover does not join the forces of compromise;<sup>1</sup> circumstances drive the one woman in Justice to sell herself to her employer;<sup>2</sup> Clare in The Fugitive accepts suicide as the only alternative to a life of prostitution;<sup>3</sup> in A Bit o' Love Mrs. Strangway deserts her husband and gives herself to another.

Turning to the novels one finds abnormal sex relationships considered in The Country House, The Man of Property, Fraternity, The Patricians, The Dark Flower and Beyond. Actual immorality is rarely present, but the tendency toward it in some of the principal characters is always visible. The poem called Hetaira is significant in this connection.

"And when she died? Ah! would

They praise her? Never!

You see, she was not married to him, Friends."<sup>4</sup>

Love undefiled and unwarped, pure and delightful, also takes an important place in all of Galsworthy's works. This may reveal itself in the relations between man and woman, or in friendship, appreciation and devotion--charity in the widest sense. Of the first, youthful love, utterly unconscious of passion, lifts the scenes between Joy and Dick in Joy out of the commonplace. In Strife the tenderness and love of Roberts is disclosed when, in the midst of the great strike, he insists that his wife shall keep his overcoat about her shoulders; and his impassiveness in the presence of domestic

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1 Act II, scene 1; p. 216.

2 Act IV; p. 89.

3 Act IV; p. 92.

4 In Moods, Songs and Doggerels; p. 106. For the same tendency see The Mother in A Commentary; pp. 203-211; and A Motley; pp. 75-81 and 255-269.



troubles is shaken in spite of himself by her death. Love also exists in The Silver Box in the loyalty of Jones to his wife and her devotion to him. Of the second, Miss Beech admirably typifies the one who is ready to forget self and do for others. The same is true to a certain extent of Enid Underwood in Strife. Family respect, unity and love in The Eldest Son defy the momentary weakness of the son and the stubbornness of the father and maintain approximate harmony. In Justice we see manifested the sympathy and understanding of Walter How and Cokeson. In The Pigeon Wellwyn's heart overflows continually with kindly thoughts and just as kindly deeds. In The Mob little Olive remains a loving child to her father in the midst of his adversities.<sup>1</sup> Finally, in A Bit o' Love Strangway comforts Jim Bere and Jack Cremer.<sup>2</sup>

While love is an element rather than a problem in Galsworthy's plays, marriage inevitably offers a great question, and it is only natural that the author devotes a share of his time to a study of this institution. In a satire issued under the name of Justice in one volume of his sketches Galsworthy propounds a serious question. Are we, he asks, to make our divorce laws more rigid or more lax? He then proceeds to condemn the prevailing divorce laws, which are so framed that a man or woman poor in pocket finds any attempt to secure separation well-nigh fruitless. Galsworthy also wonders how long many per-

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<sup>1</sup> Act IV; p. 71.

<sup>2</sup> Act I; pp. 13, 14, 28-29; Act III; pp. 83-84. For examples of passionate love see Magpie Over the Hill in The Inn of Tranquillity; pp. 26-33; Romance—Three Gleams in the same; pp. 132-139; The Lime Tree in A Motley; pp. 155-161; A Woman in the same; pp. 193-201.





sons would remain in the marriage state if the divorce laws were less stringent.<sup>1</sup> Thus he intimates that the solving of one problem would quickly involve another.

Instability of the marriage compact and the reasons for it provide the substance for several stories, sketches and plays.<sup>2</sup>

The author is also very much alive in all matters relative to feminism, to the position of women in society and the home and to woman's suffrage. He "continues the formal and spiritual traditions of Ibsen and Meredith,"<sup>3</sup> but pushes his case somewhat in advance and to the sides of theirs. In A Sheaf he writes: "To retain women in their present state of social and political inferiority for reasons which are so debatable, savours, surely, somewhat of the sultanic."<sup>4</sup> In the same article he emphatically takes the following stand: "I write as a supporter of woman's suffrage, but not of militant suffragism."<sup>5</sup> Each of Galsworthy's later novels is filled with chance thoughts, directly or indirectly set forth, concerning the influence and place of women in modern society. Of the dramas The Fugitive expounds the impracticable situation which arises when a woman leaves her husband and all the delicacies of an upper middle-class home and seeks her livelihood in the business world;<sup>6</sup> while A Bit o' Love des-

1 In A Commentary; p. 241.

2 Why Not? in The Little Man; pp. 75-81; The Man of Property; The Dark Flower; Fraternity; The Patrician; Beyond; Joy; Justice; The Fugitive; A Bit o' Love; The Mother in A Commentary; pp. 203-211.

3 Review of Reviews; May 1911, 43:634-636.

4 P. 182.

5 Ibid; p. 184. See also the same pp. 184-187; and Demos in A Commentary; pp. 31-41.

6 See act IV.



cribes to the full the internal struggle and the ensuing action of a man confronted with a wife's plea for freedom.<sup>1</sup>

No one need read between the lines in Galsworthy's productions to ascertain that children occupy an inferior place, and that the problems of the boy or girl do not concern him to any extent. An exception is noted in the case of Mrs. Jones' three children<sup>2</sup> whose future welfare constitutes a definite proposition to be examined. Galsworthy, it is to be observed, does not choose to follow out the opening he has made. The by-plot of the Livens children in the same play is another exception, but here there is no emphasis and the exception is of little significance. Children also appear in The Mob and A Bit o' Love, but they never offer any problems.<sup>3</sup>

Religious controversies in a like manner do not attract Galsworthy except in rare instances.<sup>4</sup> In Justice the figure of the prison chaplain<sup>5</sup> can not inspire; and in A Bit o' Love the minister arrests and convinces by his moral rather than by his religious traits. That the poet, at least, does recognize that religion is a force in life he demonstrates in the following:

"If then this mighty magic world  
Has always been, will ever be;  
There must be laws within it curled  
That spin it through eternity.  
I see two equal laws obey

1 Act I; pp. 22-26.

2 The Silver Box, act II, scene 1; p. 41, and scene 2; pp. 58-59.

3 See also A Child in A Commentary; pp. 231-238.

4 The Christian in The Inn of Tranquillity; pp. 61-69; A Fisher of Men in A Motley; pp. 31-49; Abracadabra in The Little Man; pp. 197-209.

5 Act III, scene 1.





One sovran, never-captured-Law-  
 For all this world would melt away  
 If Heart of Mystery we saw."<sup>1</sup>

Unreasoning obstinacy is often stressed by Galsworthy as in the character of Colonel Hope in Joy, of Anthony and Roberts, of Sir William Cheshire in The Eldest Son, of the System in Justice, of the pursuers in The Fugitive. Elsewhere he also emphasizes inflexibility.<sup>2</sup> He investigates oftentimes questions of middle-class self-sufficiency, selfishness, conservatism and lack of sympathy in such people as Mr. and Mrs. Barthwick; Wilder in Strife; Sir William Cheshire, The Reverend John Latter and Christine in The Eldest Son; the prison officials in Justice (who are in reality only tools of the System); Edward Bertley, Alfred Calway and Sir Thomas Hoxton in The Pigeon; Antonia and her relatives in The Island Pharisees; Mr. Pendyce and the "pendycitis" type in The Country House; the members of the Forsyte family in the older generation and in some of the sons in The Man of Property; Stephen Dallison and his wife in Fraternity; and Mr. and Mrs. John Freeland in The Freelands.

The money, the fashion, the sport, the comfort and the power of the well-to-do receive due attention in the sketches,<sup>3</sup> and are never wholly lost sight of in the dramas and novels. In The Silver Box the Barthwicks seek comfort above all else, and their money and power enable them to gain that end. Comfort, sport, fashion and caste direct the destinies in The Eldest Son. In More's wife and in George Dedmond

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1 A Dream in Moods, Songs and Doggerels; p. 9.

2 Horace Pendyce in The Country House, Herr Paul in Villa Rubein, Soames Forsyte in The Man of Property.

3 Money in A Commentary; pp. 107-124; Fashion, *ibid*; pp. 85-92; Sport, *ibid*; pp. 95-103; Comfort, *ibid*; pp. 215-228; Power, *ibid*; pp. 165-174.



of The Fugitive comfort and contentment are again dominant. With money, furthermore, Bertley, Calway and Hoxton try to do for the poor what Wellwyn attempts, more promisingly, with sympathy. In The Free-lands is a conversation illustrating in a nutshell the scrutiny Galsworthy gives to selfish comfort.

"'There's a sort of metronome inside us, wonderful, self-adjusting little machine; most delicate bit of mechanism in the world--people call it conscience--that records the proper beat of our tempos. I guess that's all we have to go by.'

'Yes; and it's frightfully hard, isn't it?'

'Exactly. That's why people devised religions and other ways of having the thing done second-hand. We all object to trouble and responsibility if we can possibly avoid it.'"<sup>1</sup>

In his novels especially Galsworthy satirizes hypocrisy and narrow-mindedness. The Man of Property epitomizes the prejudices and littlenesses of the city, and The Country House summarizes the narrowness of the country squire. In A Dream the author wrote:

"For well I know that he is base

Who hides in grey hypocrisy."<sup>2</sup>

In The Country House, furthermore, he shows that heredity has at least a noticeable influence in the matter of hypocrisy.

The craze for possession is exemplified in The Man of Property; over-work on the part of the poor in many of the sketches;<sup>3</sup> the constitutional idleness of the unambitious poor in The Pigeon. Absence of

<sup>1</sup> The Freelanders; p. 87.

<sup>2</sup> A Dream in Moods, Songs and Doggerels; p. 8.

<sup>3</sup> See The Inn of Tranquillity, A Motley and A Commentary.





imagination in men and women of the lower stratum of society is typified in Mrs. Jones, Falder, Ruth Honeywill, Mrs. Megan of The Pigeon and the mobs of Strife and The Mob. Ferrand and Jones are not without imagination and are able to see something beyond themselves. Lack of imagination in some of Galsworthy's people does not seem wholly probable to some critics. Thus, one records that "this theory of the unimaginative (in Mrs. Jones) is untenable. On the contrary, the poorer a human being is the more apt he is to be imaginative. He may lack tastes but he dreams."<sup>1</sup> Galsworthy himself has spoken in the words of the old flagman as follows:

"Thinking's all done for them. You want a lot of mind to think of other people."<sup>2</sup>

In addition to these many minor phases of Galsworthy's subject matter, several problems more general and widespread present themselves;--questions which in recent years have been agitating such men as Hauptmann, Chesterton and Wells in literature, the legislative bodies in democracies and other free governments, "Billy" Sunday on the platform, and Osborne beside the prison door. Galsworthy always has something to say "original and wholly sincere,.....his interest lies in the important social questions of our present day changing world, and he is gifted with rare ability to present vivid pictures and thorough analysis of our modern life."<sup>3</sup> Another critic states that Galsworthy seems to him "above all a painter of social groups. And it is not as separate individuals, but as types of each group, that their charac-

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1 Theatre Magazine; May 1907, 7:14.

2 A Commentary in A Commentary; p. 7.

3 The World To-day; August 1911, 21:995, Part I.





ters obtain their utmost significance."<sup>1</sup>

Drunkenness upon Galsworthy's stage strides to the fore in The Silver Box and The Pigeon<sup>2</sup> where it is not handled so much as an evil in itself but as the precursor and promoter of greater evils. The Pigeon "reflects some light on the problem of practical charity,"<sup>3</sup> and in this play, according to the Nation, "there is epigrammatic sting to Mr. Galsworthy's lines, there is malice, and there is partial truth: a combination which always scores a decisive debating point."<sup>4</sup> Suicide, whether attempted or successful, introduces an even more puzzling dilemma for the author in Justice, in The Fugitive, in The Pigeon and in A Bit o' Love. The Nation<sup>5</sup> calls attention to Wellwyn's remark that society drives a girl to suicide and then punishes her for attempting it: "Well! God in heaven! Of all the d--d topsy-turvy-- Not a soul in the world wants her alive--and now she's to be prosecuted for trying to be where everybody wishes her."<sup>6</sup>

Mob psychology is demonstrated with consummate art in Strife,<sup>7</sup> in The Pigeon,<sup>8</sup> in The Mob<sup>9</sup> and in A Bit o' Love.<sup>10</sup> Mob violence and murder result from the gathering of the crowd in The Mob.

Labor troubles, strikes, the struggles between capital and labor and the oppression tormenting the working classes are illustrated

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1 Review of Reviews; May 1911, 43:634-636.

2 Also in The Neighbors in A Motley; pp. 163-173; and The Mother in A Commentary; pp. 203-211.

3 Literary Digest; March 23, 1912, 44:592-593.

4 Nation; October 23, 1913, 97:380.

5 October 23, 1913, 97:380.

6 The Pigeon; Act III; p. 76.

7 Act II, scene 2; pp. 218-234.

8 Act III; pp. 70-71.

9 Act III, scene 1; pp. 41-48 and Act IV; pp. 71-76.

10 Act II, scene 2; pp. 47-55.





to the fullest extent in Strife and to a less degree in some of the novels.<sup>1</sup>

In The Silver Box, in Justice and in several satires and tracts<sup>2</sup> the author pictures boldly and convincingly the sombre atmosphere of the courts and prisons, the lugubrious and questionable machinery of justice, and the horrors of solitary confinement. The drama Justice is a compendium of all these things. Here as elsewhere "it is the System with a capital S upon which he is always harping."<sup>3</sup> In Order<sup>4</sup> Galsworthy intimates that someone higher up is responsible.

"Do you flog much?"

"Only when it is necessary."

"And when is it necessary?"

"The rules decide that."

"But who makes them?"

"The system."

"How has the system come about?"

"Ask that of him behind me."

As Paul N. Kellogg says of Strife that the question "is big enough to unsettle every individual,"<sup>5</sup> so he might say of Justice, The Eldest Son and other plays.

Galsworthy the poet and satirist is avowedly a lover of animals, a side of his nature of which there are few indications in the

<sup>1</sup> The Freelands and Fraternity.

<sup>2</sup> The House of Silence in A Commentary; pp. 177-187; Order in the same pp. 191-199; The Prisoner in A Motley; pp. 51-61; Solitary Confinement, The Spirit of Punishment and An Unpublished Preface in A Sheaf; pp. 120-159.

<sup>3</sup> Some English Story Tellers, F. T. Cooper; p. 204.

<sup>4</sup> In A Commentary; p. 193.

<sup>5</sup> Survey; Feb., 12, 1910, 23:705-708.





dramas.<sup>1</sup> The paucity of references to nature in all his early work is worthy of note, but since about 1910 his sympathy for animals has been represented on numerous occasions, and he has been exceedingly bitter against all who are in any way responsible for the suffering of dumb beasts.<sup>2</sup> Scenes of field, wood and stream brighten all the later work outside the dramas in countless beautiful passages. The suggestion of such scenes in A Bit o' Love makes that play akin to the poems and the lighter parts of the novels. Furthermore, Galsworthy senses beauty in the lights and shades of the city as well as in the prismatic colors of the country.

"You merchant eyes that never tire  
Of searching out our little ways;  
Of summing up our little days  
In ledgerings of fire."<sup>3</sup>

- 1 The Little Dream; a skylark in A Bit o' Love; puppies in The Eldest Son.
- 2 Reverie of a Sportsman in A Sheaf; pp. 33-47. The Slaughter of Animals for Food in the same; pp. 48-70. On Performing Animals in the same; pp. 72-80 and in Treatment of Animals, a pamphlet published by Performing Animals Defence Committee; 1913. Vivisection of Dogs in A Sheaf; pp. 81-87. Horses in Mines in the same; pp. 88-94. The Docking Horses' Tails in the same; pp. 94-96. Aigrettes in the same; pp. 96-97. For Love of Beasts in the same; pp. 3-32. Sheep-shearing in The Inn of Tranquillity; pp. 33-39. Riding in Mist in the same; pp. 47-53. The Black Godmother in the same; pp. 89-96. Memories in the same; pp. 139-162 and Memories, illustrated. Felicity in The Inn of Tranquillity; pp. 163-167. Hall-marked in The Little Man; pp. 39-57. Ultima Thule in the same; pp. 255-279. Apotheosis in A Motley; pp. 117-122. Magpie in Moods, Songs and Doggerels; p. 44. The Robin in the same; p. 90. To My Dog in the same; pp. 98-99. The dogs in The Country House, Fraternity and Beyond.
- 3 Street Lamps in Moods, Songs and Doggerels; p. 54.





Politics, policies and war in a limited way he depicts in The Mob, while in a letter to The Times in 1914 he attacked Parliamentary laziness and blindness.<sup>1</sup> He studies such tremendous subjects as national and international characteristics and ideals, such greater subjects as progress and evolution. The Little Man is a study in characteristics.<sup>2</sup> The following excerpts reflect Galsworthy's convictions about his countrymen; the first showing that many husbands consider they own their wives; the second emphasizing the on-the-fence attitude of the English middle class.

"'I'm 'er 'usband, an' I mean to 'ave 'er, alive or dead.' The very self of the brute beast that lurks beneath the surface of our State."<sup>3</sup>

"Could he still get down on either side,.....and could he at once get up again? And he was happy when he found he could. It was remarkable how national he was--the solid center of the nation's pudding."<sup>4</sup>

Perhaps above all Galsworthy is a satirist of conventions: he likes to strike at existing foibles such as the conventional plays and the commonplace and popular audiences;<sup>5</sup> but his one fundamental interest is something infinitely bigger, broader, more wholesome and more enduring than that: it may be termed "the general relations between individuals within the social organism."<sup>6</sup>

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1 See Living Age; April 11, 1914, 281:111-112.

2 See also Progress in A Commentary; pp. 127-136; and Evolution in The Innof Tranquillity; pp. 40-47.

3 Demos in A Commentary; p. 39.

4 The Careful Man in A Commentary; p. 63.

6 The Plays of Mr. John Galsworthy, A. R. Skemp, in Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association; vol. IV, p. 160.

5 The Island Pharisees; Chapter IV.



How does Galsworthy treat all these problems, one may ask?

Doubtless it is true that his method of treatment is essentially the same in plays, novels and sketches, and is both original and, at least so far as it goes, successful. Norman Hapgood in 1913 welcomed The Dark Flower as a further manifestation of the strength, freshness, purity, beauty and frankness of Galsworthy, and observed that he handled modern questions more fittingly than Chesterton or Wells.<sup>1</sup>

But with this frankness and beauty has the author provided any answers to his many perplexing issues? Assuredly he has not. Yet, among critics he is not regarded the less highly for this negative characteristic. Although one may write that Mr. Galsworthy is "an interesting subject, but what we all want is plays in which something is done to enlighten us as to the solution of the problem in hand;"<sup>2</sup> another will announce that Strife reflects faithfully the big forces in life and that the needs of humanity win out.<sup>3</sup> But it must be admitted that Galsworthy has put himself under suspicion by failing to solve the difficulties met by his own characters. His own explanation and justification of his apparent heedlessness probably signifies, however, more than all the alarums of the editorial writers and day-by-day critics.

Galsworthy states he is not a propagandist, all accusations to the contrary. Archibald Henderson asserts that "Galsworthy has disclaimed conscious purpose for the redress of immediate social evils--notably in the case of Justice,"<sup>4</sup> and in the Literary Digest appears a

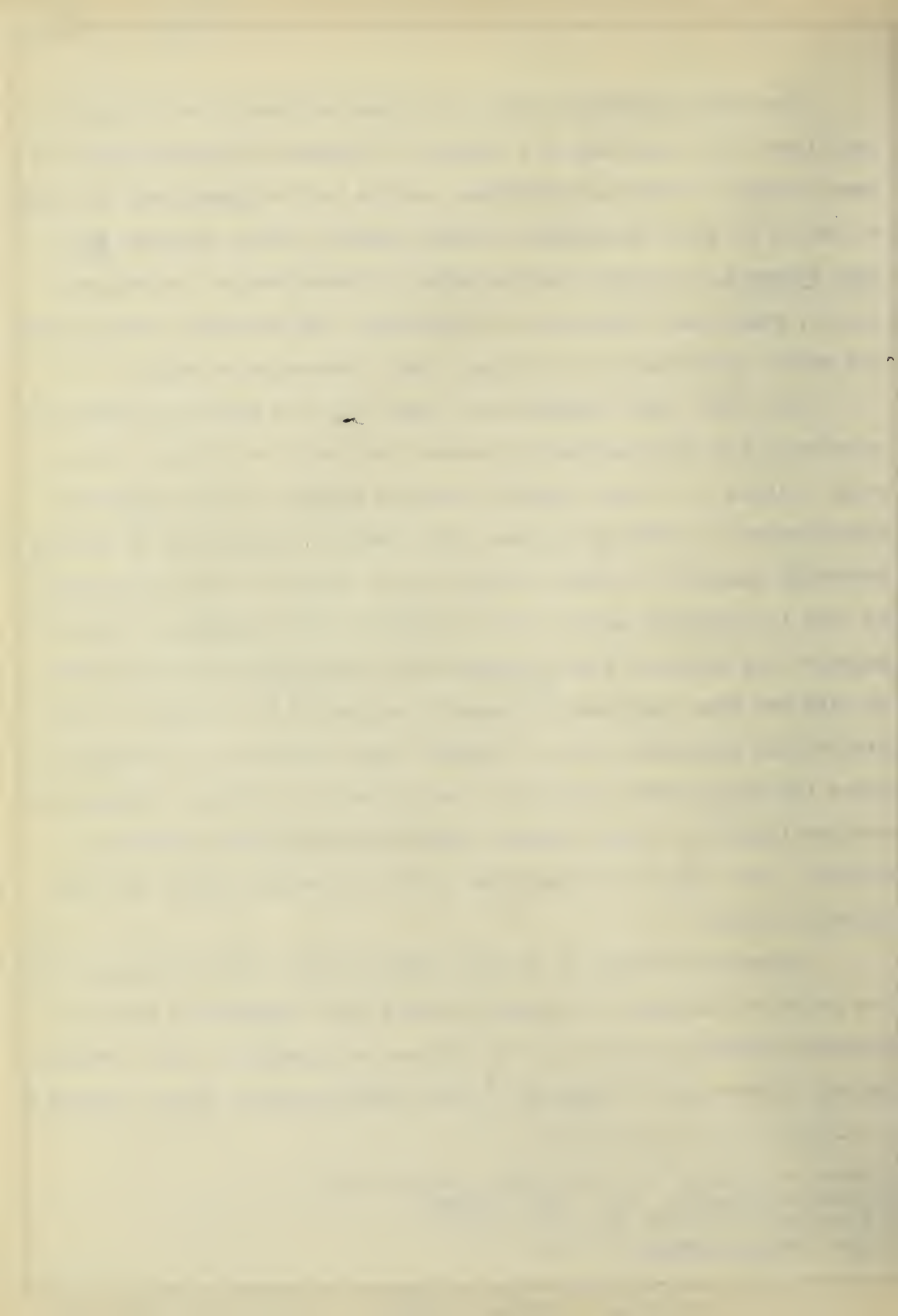
1 Harper's Weekly; Nov., 22, 1913, 58:28, Part I.

2 Theatre Magazine; Jan., 1910, 11:2-3.

3 Fortnightly Review; May 1909, 91:971.

4 The Changing Drama; p. 102.





report that Galsworthy denies he is a propagandist and affirms that "it is almost accidental that it (Strife) is a play on labor and capital."<sup>1</sup> Others will have it that such a play as The Eldest Son "bears more evidence of radical bias than of sound or practical social philosophy," and "is a bit of special pleading."<sup>2</sup> W. L. Courtney insists that such themes as that in Justice "should be treated in a pamphlet, unless we are all to become sterile and ineffective pessimists through sheer despair of our fellow-creatures."<sup>3</sup>

In the opinion of a probable majority of the students of the drama, it seems to me, Galsworthy is neither a propagandist nor a maker of thesis plays--certainly not of the kind of Brieux or Shaw.

I have endeavored to point out heretofore that in treating similar problems in a similar manner in plays, novels, satires and poems the author has enunciated a consistent philosophy, or, as some will have it, a consistent lack of philosophy.<sup>4</sup> I shall now try to indicate the elements of which this philosophy consists. First, most fundamental, most characteristic and most worthy is Mr. Galsworthy's conscious striving after truth, sincerity and impartiality. He attains truth because he represents the unalterable facts of life; sincerity because he remains forever faithful to his mood; impartiality because into his characters his own bias never enters.<sup>5</sup> This, however, is a moot point.<sup>6</sup> There is a possibility, also, that Mr. Galsworthy, in endeavoring to be fair, has defeated his own ends by making his efforts

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1 Literary Digest; March 23, 1912, 44:592-593.

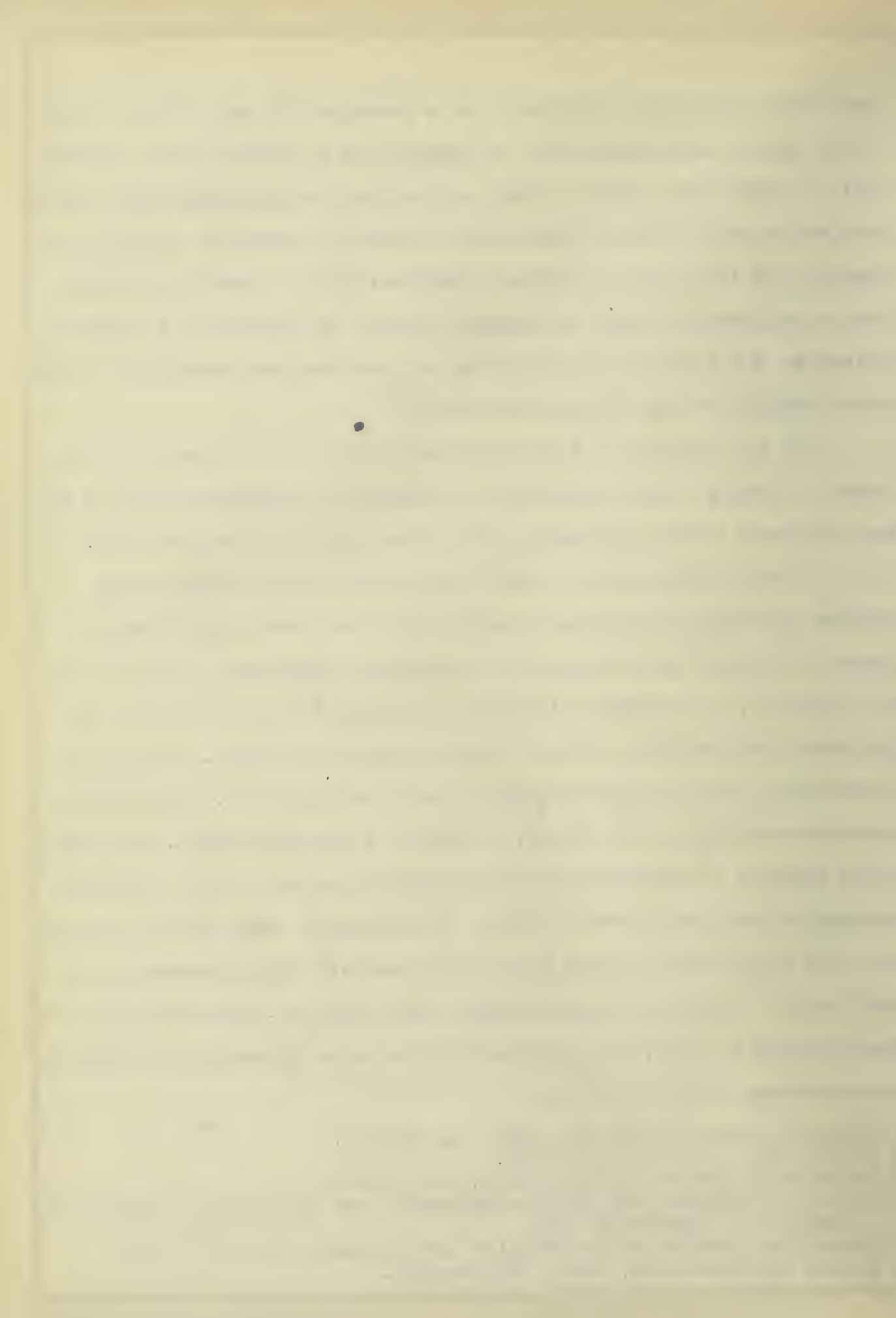
2 Nation; Dec., 12, 1912, 95:572.

3 Fortnightly Review; July 1, 1913, 100:103-109.

4 Review of Reviews; May 1911, 43:634-636, and Some English Story Tellers, F. T. Cooper; p. 203.

5 Essays and Studies of the English Association; vol. IV, p. 164.

6 Living Age; Jan., 24, 1914, 280:229-233.





too apparent.<sup>1</sup>

To this comprehensive fidelity we have the testimony of Ashley Dukes: "Interest fights interest upon common ground. Upon that common ground stands Mr. Galsworthy with his pair of scales.....He is scrupulously fair.....Even in a drama of the vices no virtue escapes his notice.....The Silver Box is more than an indictment—a complete trial, in which Mr. Galsworthy appears both for the prosecution and the defence;"<sup>2</sup> and of Edwin Björkman who styles him a "spiritual realist."<sup>3</sup> Galsworthy's own statements expressed with dignity, perspicuity and force in the Living Age<sup>4</sup> carry more weight. I can give only a few of his remarks. The new development in the drama, he says, "is simply an outcrop of sincerity—of fidelity to mood—to impression—to self." Sincerity excludes all care for the bank account, all consultation of the expression on the Public's face, all "confectioning of French plays." It includes nothing because it pays, nothing because sensational, no faked situations, no false characters. "Art is not art unless it is made from what the artist has felt and seen." Cynically he writes that "the Greater Public will by preference take the lowest article in art that is offered to it.....A man could not write anything sincere with the elevation of the Public as incentive." Fortunately he qualifies this attitude by saying "I sympathize with the Greater Public." Concluding, he states feelingly that "to please your best self is the only way of being sincere." And he adds that he will dedicate

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1 Dramatic Portraits, (John Galsworthy), P. P. Howe.

2 Modern Dramatists; p. 144.

3 Review of Reviews; May 1911, 43:634-636.

4 The New Spirit in the Drama; Living Age; May 3, 1913, 277:259-266.





what sincerity pertains to him in the drama to "an art, which, God knows, has need of a little serving in this country." 7,

The plays, one and all, are models of sincerity and impartiality, through such figures as Anthony and Roberts, Jack Barthwick and Jones, Frome and Cleaver and the Judge, Cheshire and Studdenham, each of whom absorbs the author's vitality but none of his bias.

We must go to The Inn of Tranquillity and turn to the section entitled Concerning Letters to become convinced of the second element in Galsworthy's philosophy of life; i. e., a desire to see and reproduce things as they are, not as they ought to be, and, as a corollary, a dramatic program of enlightenment <sup>than</sup> rather amusement. His sketch termed Reflections on Our Dislike of Things as They Are<sup>1</sup> and another, A Novelist's Allegory,<sup>2</sup> succinctly illustrate the proposition and the corollary. Throughout his dramas he is faithful to things as they are; viz., labor strikes in Strife, justice in The Silver Box and Justice, codes of morals in The Eldest Son, charity in The Pigeon, straightened circumstances which drive Ruth into immoral relations with her employer in Justice. He revivifies these things as he sees they are and no one can deny the clearness of his vision.

Galsworthy's philosophy also embraces experiences for the sake of experience. Together with this as before noted he believes in the spiritual freedom of the individual. In The Little Dream, which might be called a philosophical and symbolical poem-play, the dramatist depicts Seelchen as realizing life to the full only when she has tested experience on every side. That she selects a middle course is typical

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1 PP. 220-225.

2 PP. 171-188.



of Galsworthy's attitude in other dramas, as we shall see. The Seelchens of the mountains and the dreams resemble the Clares and the Mrs. Gwyns of the life of actuality. Perhaps a closer analogy could be made between Seelchen and Fanny Hawthorn in Hindle Wakes.<sup>1</sup> Both seek experience, take it for better or for worse, and then reject it as worthless. Galsworthy apparently would leave the individual free to choose, but most of his personages lack the courage and strength to buck against society, the world, life, fate--whatever it is. Perhaps Clare may be compared to Civilization described in The Inn of Tranquillity as "so possessed by a new toy each day that she has no time to master its use--naive creature lost amid her own discoveries."<sup>2</sup> Perhaps Seelchen also loses her way for a time among her experiences.

According to Mr. Skemp<sup>3</sup> Galsworthy demands that the individual "shall develop freely within his own limits. Anthony, Roberts, More, Cheshire, exemplify the spirit of rebellion in such a development. Galsworthy has written some verse, however, which, while it does not necessarily imply profound or deplorable resignation, yet suggests a Stoic temperament in the author.

"Then what is man's so brittle life?--

The buzzing of the flies that pass!"<sup>4</sup>

"The tiny lives of tiny men, no more they seem to mean  
Then one of those sweet seeds of light sown on that  
water green.

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1 By Stanley Houghton.

2 P. 6.

3 Essays and Studies by the English Association; vol. IV, p. 151.

4 Time in Moods, Songs and Doggerels; p. 24.





The little sunny smiles of God that glisten forth and  
die."<sup>1</sup>

"Fate thrums its song of sorrow!

The brooms are sweeping--

There's naught for me hereafter."<sup>2</sup>

Yet in his poetry, too, the spirit of unrest and love of freedom is rampant, just as it is in Matthew Arnold.

"Come! let us lay a crazy lance in rest,

And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!"<sup>3</sup>

"A jest to the complacency of crowds----"<sup>4</sup> ✓

Condemning lack of sympathy and mutual understanding and the almost insuperable barriers which have grown up from age to age between man and man, Galsworthy designates these conditions as responsible for all the evils of the present day. We see this in his tendency to create characters to whom the quality of understanding is unknown, such as Gregory Vigil and Horace Pendyce, Soames Forsyte, George Dedmond, Mrs. Barthwick, the villagers in A Bit o' Love. Failure to appreciate another's position often leads to tragedy. The vehement utterance of Ferrand in The Pigeon impresses more definitely: "If I had one prayer to make, it would be,--Good God give me to understand!"<sup>5</sup> His own direct words in The Inn of Tranquillity are strong: "Love you can not help, and hate you can not help: but contempt is the sovereign idiocy, the irreligious fancy."<sup>6</sup> If his own assertions

1 The Seeds of Light in Moods, Songs and Doggerels; p. 26.

2 Straw in the Street in the same; p. 71.

3 Errantry in the same; p. 21.

4 Ibid.

5 Act III; p. 68.

6 P. 10.



are insufficient, the testimony of others will surely provide the necessary corroboration. We may again cite Mr. Skemp and, further, Professor Barrett H. Clark. The former appears to be certain that Galsworthy's "solution is not political but ethical" and that his stated source of evil lies in the "failure of imagination and sympathy;"<sup>1</sup> while Professor Clark with equal penetration decides that "all of Galsworthy's plays are evidently written by a man who wishes to dig beneath the surface, to learn to understand and help others to do so. Together with this view of life, the author's dramatic technic is intimately bound up."<sup>2</sup>

Perhaps the essence of Galsworthy's philosophy of life rests in his outspoken belief, as stated above, that misunderstandings of the conditions and aspirations of our fellow-men make for evils in society and in individual, business and political life.

Yet, there are further aspects of Galsworthy's representation of life which will bear investigation. Critics, readers, spectators in general note the prevailing sombreness--greyness--and irony of the playwright's art. His philosophy here is called irritating.<sup>3</sup> It is said that the pathetic elements in life force themselves always upon him,<sup>4</sup> and that the underlying theme is "the remorseless preying of vital egotism upon dress-parade principles."<sup>5</sup> "In the end," asserts the same reviewer, "we are left darkling, troubled, as by twinkling lights extinguished in a great mist." The author, furthermore, is e-

1 Essays and Studies by the English Association; vol. IV, p. 161.

2 British and American Drama of To-day; p. 135.

3 Current Literature; Dec., 1912, 53:680-681.

4 Essays and Studies by the English Association; vol. IV, p. 156.

5 Nation; Aug., 19, 1909, 89:167.





qually uncompromising in his novels and in his plays. "He never wavers in his sardonic creed. That is the source of his greatness, also perhaps of his limitations."<sup>1</sup>

If we wish to be persuaded that the plays show "the pessimism of the circumstances of life,"<sup>2</sup> we may scrutinize certain piquant expressions which here and there hold the attention of the earnest reader of Galsworthy's pages;--such remarks as: "They never see no other people by their own sort;"<sup>3</sup> "If you don't look out for yourself, nobody else will;"<sup>4</sup> "There's things that want improvin', and there's things that stand in the way of things improvin';"<sup>5</sup> "People are always proud of something, even if it's only of their troubles;"<sup>6</sup> "Life nowadays has got no more feelin' for a man than for a beetle."<sup>7</sup> I have selected all the above quotations from A Commentary because they are indubitably relevant; yet one may find the same searching for the sombre facts of life anywhere in Galsworthy's writings. So persistent does this become that one fears the author may put himself in too evident opposition to Dionysian art with its adherence to the fundamental joy of existence. To add to one's apprehension his art is noticeably austere in the "romantic elements of life."<sup>8</sup>

Nevertheless, in the subsoil of his philosophy there is an extensive stratum of inherent optimism which appears more obviously in the dramas than in the novels. Absent from The Silver Box, it lives in

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1 Current Literature; Jan., 1909, pp. 81-83, vol. 48.

2 Fortnightly Review; May 1909, 91:971-977.

3 A Commentary; p. 14.

4 Ibid.

5 Ibid; p. 15.

6 Ibid.

7 Ibid; p. 4.

8 Essays and Studies of the English Association; p. 157. Vol. IV.



Joy's love for Dick and the consequent assuagement of her previous sorrow; in the compromise and general satisfaction in Strife; in Studenham's sturdy sense, his daughter's courage at the crisis, and Bill's desire to make amends; in Seelchen's lightheartedness; in Coke-son's compassion and young How's comprehension; in the Young Man's disgust with himself in The Fugitive after he has accosted Clare and heard her story; in Wellwyn, in Ferrand, even in Anne, notwithstanding her admonitions to her father; in More's idealism, in his child's love and in the citizens' later esteem; and in Strangway's supreme sacrifice and his ensuing regeneration through the influence of a little child. Optimism appears in the following words from a poem in the Devon dialect:

"Hold on vast an' grip yure saddle  
Givin' up's all viddle vaddle!"<sup>1</sup>

Other examples show that Galsworthy is only superficially pessimistic. At the end of Fraternity Mr. Stone cries "Brothers!" At the close of The Dark Flower Mark Lennon recognizes his duty and accepts what the future promises; In The Freelands Galsworthy speaks through the optimistic Nedda.

He faces facts; he never hides and he never glosses the realities of this earth. He is "groping forth to a dim but glorious future when it may be possible to practice, as well as to preach, the teachings of Christ."<sup>2</sup> Though he is a middle-of-the-roader, perhaps, as Current Literature suggests,<sup>2</sup> he has struck the right and only place, and is thus profoundly irritating to both conservatives and radicals.

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<sup>1</sup> The Devon Sage in Moods, Songs and Doggerels; p. 107.

<sup>2</sup> Current Literature; December 1912, 53:680-681.





A certain optimism also lies in those of Galsworthy's characters who, like Anthony, Roberts, More and Clare, stick to an ideal,-- a courageous aspect of the dramatist's philosophy not a whit dimmed by compromise or by the overthrow of ideals for the sake of the general good. It is this belief in the triumph of good eventually<sup>1</sup> which makes Galsworthy essentially an optimist and enables him to say with Strangway as he lifts his hand in a gesture of prayer, "God, of the moon and the sun; of joy and of beauty, of loneliness and sorrow, give me strength to go on, till I love every living thing!"<sup>1</sup>

At the time of his visit to New York City in 1912 Galsworthy explained his philosophy of life as follows: "I don't call myself a politician at all. I have no set political creeds. I am neither a socialist nor an individualist. The true path obviously lies in the middle.....I believe the solution of the situation between labor and capital is the ultimate adoption of a cooperative system."<sup>2</sup> ✓

I can not refrain here, because it is so descriptive in many respects of himself, from adding Galsworthy's inimitable delineation of Hilary Dallison in Fraternity.<sup>3</sup> He writes that Hilary would have professed his creed as follows:

"I disbelieve in all Church dogmas, and do not go to church: I have no definite ideas about a future state, and do not want to have; but in a private way I try to identify myself as much as possible with what I see about me, feeling that if I could ever really be at one with the world I live in I should be happy. I think it foolish not to

1 A Bit o' Love; Act III; p. 84.

2 Literary Digest; March 23, 1912, 44:592-593. ✓

3 PP. 95-96.



trust my senses and my reason; as for what my senses and my reason will not tell me, I assume that all is as it had to be, for if one could get to know the why of everything, one would be the Universe. I do not believe that chastity is a virtue in itself, but only so far as it ministers to the health and happiness of the community. I do not believe that marriage confers the rights of ownership, and I loathe all public wrangling on such matters; but I am temperamentally averse to the harming of my neighbors, if in reason it can be avoided. As to manners, I think that to repeat a bit of scandal, and circulate backbiting stories, are worse offenses than the actions that gave rise to them. If I mentally condemn a person, I feel guilty of moral lapse. I hate self-assertion; I am ashamed of self-advertisement. I dislike loudness of any kind. Probably I have too much tendency to negation of all sorts. Small-talk bores me to extinction, but I will discuss a point of ethics or psychology half the night. To make capital out of a person's weakness is repugnant to me. I want to be a decent man, but--I really can't take myself too seriously."

"Until I love every living thing!" So possessed has Galsworthy become with the dominance of love as the supreme passion of life that in his novels The Dark Flower and Beyond, and in a short story, Indian Summer of a Forsyte,<sup>1</sup> he has proceeded to exotic extremes. In these works all other interests have given way before the violence of passionate love. We may well ask whither Galsworthy is tending; but we must wait for time to return the answer, unless we are ready to admit now that his intense interest in the individual is urging him

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<sup>1</sup> The Cosmopolitan; January and February 1918.





into new fields which he will explore until he perceives the proper sphere for the expression of his philosophy and his art during the closing years of his life.



## CHAPTER IV

## LITERARY ART OF THE DRAMAS

The quality of the literary art of Galsworthy's dramas and the ranking of the plays with regard to the modern drama in particular and to the entire dramaturgic field in general are so much in question at the present time, even though Galsworthy is a recognized artist, that even the greatest of modern critics is puzzled to arrive at any certain conclusions at this point in the dramatist's career. Any statements hereafter made must be understood to be tentative, to be offered only as the consensus of opinion of the day, and to be subject to the not improbable change of view of the critic of tomorrow.

In the beginning what do we mean by literary art? "Art," says Mr. Galsworthy, "is that imaginative expression of human energy, which through technical concretion of feeling and perception, tends to reconcile the individual with the universal by exciting in him impersonal emotion. And the greatest Art is that which excites the greatest impersonal emotion in an hypothecated perfect human being."<sup>1</sup> Further: "Art has.....been called Rhythm. And, what is Rhythm if not that mys-

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<sup>1</sup> Vague Thoughts on Art in The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 255





terious harmony between part and part, and part and whole, which gives what is called life; that exact proportion, the mystery of which is best grasped in observing how life leaves an animate creature when the essential relation of part to whole has been sufficiently disturbed. And I agree that this rhythmic relation of part to whole--in short, vitality--is the one quality inseparable from a work of Art. For nothing which does not seem to a man possessed of this rhythmic vitality, can ever steal out of himself."<sup>1</sup>

Literary art, therefore, is that imaginative expression of human energy in literature which tends to reconcile the individual with the universal. To determine the character of Mr. Galsworthy's literary art we must bear this definition in mind while we are concerned more specifically with the manner in which this playwright produces his dramas from his mind to the printed page.

Dramatic art is a highly developed form of literary art,--a form which is continually changing, so that the structure of a modern play resembles its forbears only in the fundamentals, even breaking away from some of these occasionally, and in its details is only a quarter of a century old. In his art Galsworthy is a modern, but, since he puts his art ahead of his technique, though he is successful in both, he is apt to be misjudged by some critics. A critic must judge Galsworthy's art not alone from the point of view of the theatre manager who too often does not take into account true art at all. He must, as Mr. J. E. Spingarn remarks, "transfer his interest from the drama itself to the 'laws of the theatre' or the 'conditions of the

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<sup>1</sup> Vague Thoughts on Art in The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 257.



theatre' only when the lover studies the 'laws of love' and the 'conditions of love' instead of his lady's beauty and his own soul."<sup>1</sup>

Critics to a man will agree that a play must be understood by the audience before which it is presented. Galsworthy's plays never fail in this, and they go even farther, for they never lack interest of a certain kind and certain amount, Yet, above all, as we shall see, Mr. Galsworthy is the author of literary dramas. Hence he is judged not unfavorably both by critics who regard art primarily and by those who observe the "laws of the theatre" in their criticisms. His plays are what might be called successful closet dramas. Plus stage business and necessary directions to the actors the plays are also of a high character, in terms of the theatre. They suit the reader, they fit the actor, and they interest the spectator. Galsworthy is, therefore, both an acceptable literary artist and dramatic craftsman. Whether seen or visualized imaginatively the plays have power. I have already pointed out the opinion of the critics.<sup>2</sup> Though such recent students of the drama as A. B. Walkley, Clayton Hamilton and William Archer use the terms theatre and drama almost interchangeably, they too have welcomed Galsworthy. For those who are less fortunate than he it is unlucky that after all a play must be written, if it is to succeed, with stage possibilities, and its success depends mainly on the result of its presentation, usually the first presentation at that. If the play reads well, the initial success is magnified and the drama lives; if it fails in the study, stage success is only temporary.

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1 A Note on Dramatic Criticism, J. E. Spingarn; Essays and Studies of the English Association; vol. IV, p. 22.

2 Chapter II, pp. 44-55.





As I have stated in Chapter III, Galsworthy is not a propagandist; neither is he a writer of plays ostensibly designed to provide amusement. But his plays may be studied with profit because of his own great sincerity, because of his fidelity to the facts of all human existence, and because of his literary and technical ability. A certain "formal perfection"<sup>1</sup> is to be discovered in all his art and it was this that first gained him a hearing even before the appearance of his first play. His means of attaining this excellence are many. He "finds beauty everywhere;"<sup>2</sup> he mingles tenderness and bitterness;<sup>3</sup> his insight, penetration, sympathy, restraint, gentle irony and imaginative touches<sup>4</sup> charm many. His objectives, says Louis I. Bredvold,<sup>5</sup> are truth, beauty and discipline of art. Dr. Trumbauer in his thesis at the University of Pennsylvania decides that the playwright's success is due to the fact that he recognizes "that art is the expression of a personality,"<sup>6</sup> and "that a play must have objectivity, inevitability and no immediate moral."<sup>6</sup> Again let us refer to Galsworthy's own statements about his art. "It is not cant to say," he writes, "that the only things vital in drama, as in every art, are achieved when the maker has fixed his soul on the making of a thing that shall seem fine to himself. It is the only standard: all the others--success, money, even the pleasure and benefit of other people--lead to confusion in the artist's spirit, and to the making of dust castles."<sup>7</sup>

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1 Review of Reviews; May 1911, 43:634-636.

2 Ibid.

3 Ibid.

4 The World To-day; August 1911, 21:995, part I. By Isabel Skelton.

5 Review of The Inn of Tranquillity; Dial; June 16, 1913, 54:503-504.

6 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy; p. 39.

7 The New Spirit in the Drama; Living Age; May 3, 1913, 277:259-266.



Galsworthy would have writers well trained before they make their initial appearance in print. "Consider how, as a class, we come into existence. Unlike the followers of any other occupation, nothing whatever compels any one of us to serve an apprenticeship. We go to no school, have to pass no examination, attain no standard, receive no diploma. We need not study that which should be studied; we are at liberty to flood our minds with all that should not be studied. Like mushrooms, in a single night we spring up--a pen in our hands, very little in our brains, and who-knows-what in our hearts!"<sup>1</sup>

Not only would Galsworthy improve the standards of authors; he would also give playwrights, especially, freedom from the irksome restrictions of the censor. If a censorship must exist over the drama, why not over all literature, over all art, over the discoveries of science, over religion and over politics?<sup>2</sup> Why not, he asks. Galsworthy in his own work has tried to raise the standard in both drama and fiction and he has persistently defied the censor. It is interesting to note here that the author is persuaded literature is making its way in the face of all difficulties: "I can not help thinking that historians, looking back from the far future, will record this age as the Third Renaissance."<sup>3</sup>

In The Inn of Tranquillity he gives his ideas of the desired qualities of a drama, As these may be taken to be his objectives, I shall quote from him briefly.

"A drama must be shaped so as to have a spire of meaning.....

1 Wanted--Schooling in The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 215.

2 About Censorship in the same; pp. 236-253.

3 Vague Thoughts on Art in the same; p. 260.





Each grouping of life and character has its inherent moral: and the business of the dramatist is so to pose the group as to bring that moral poignantly to the light of day.<sup>1</sup>.....A good plot is that sure edifice which slowly rises out of the interplay of circumstance on temperament, and temperament on circumstance, within the enclosing atmosphere of an idea. A human being is the best plot there is; it may be impossible to see why he is a good plot, because the idea within which he was brought forth can not be fully grasped; but it is plain that he is a good plot. He is organic.<sup>2</sup>.....The dramatist's license, in fact, ends with his design. In conception alone he is free.<sup>3</sup>..... A man may have many moods, he has but one spirit; and this spirit he communicates in some subtle, unconscious way to all his work.<sup>4</sup>..... We want no more bastard drama;.....no more rabbits and goldfish from the conjuror's pockets, nor any limelight. Let us have starlight, moonlight, sunlight, and the light of our own self-respects."<sup>5</sup>

It must be admitted that Galsworthy's dramas make an intellectual appeal. They deal in ideas and dilemmas. Because of this they attract the thinking man or woman. The first great dilemma appears in Strife; another of a sharper kind in Justice. Such situations or conditions as are in those plays inevitably puzzle or bore one who seeks amusement alone, while they stimulate the interest of one who desires intellectual satisfaction. Galsworthy's dramas unquestionably awaken the emotions less than the intellect; yet, such a play as Justice a-

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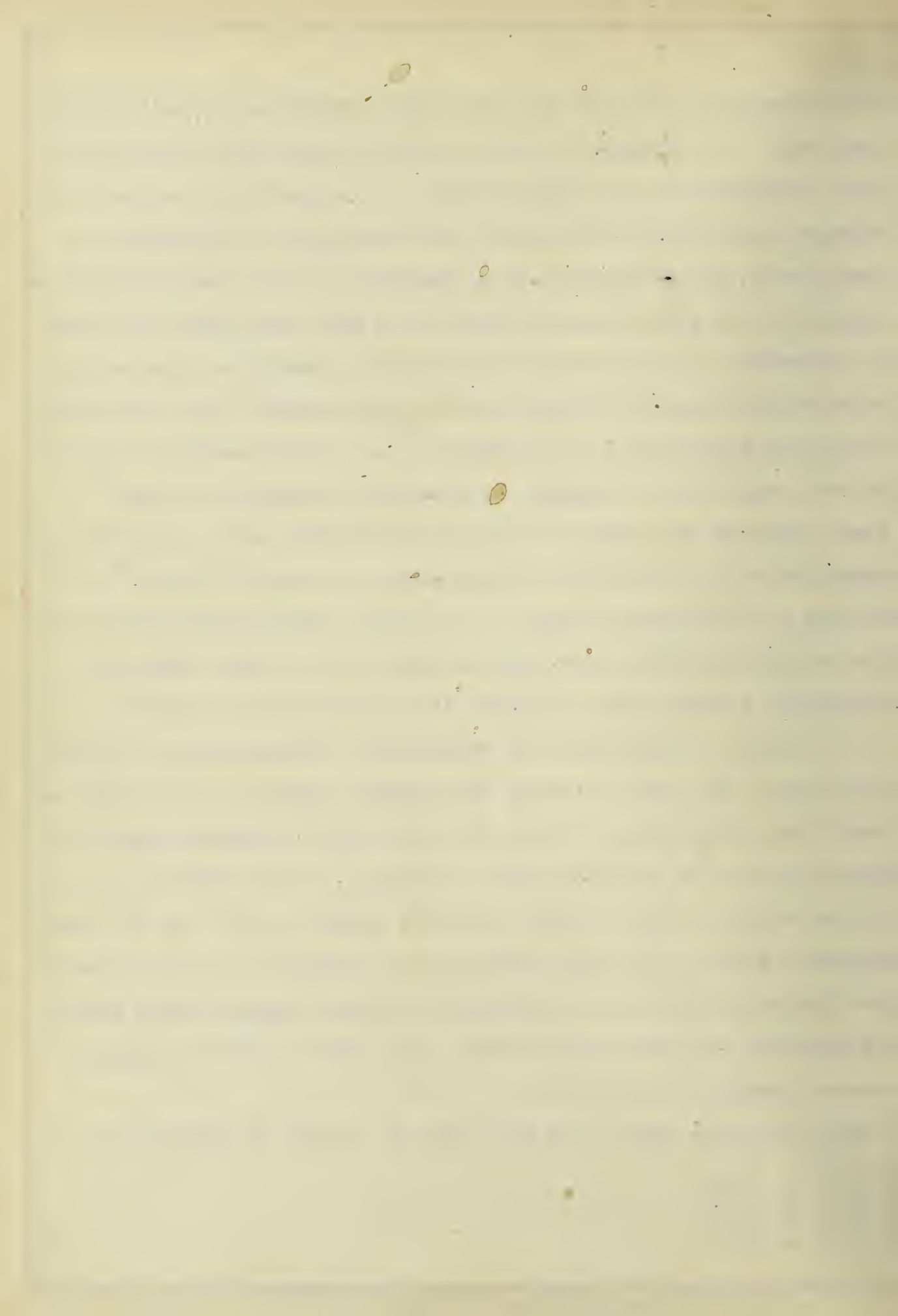
1 Some Platitudes Concerning the Drama in The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 189.

2 Ibid; p. 193.

3 Ibid; p. 196.

4 Ibid; p. 197.

5 Ibid; p. 202.



rouses the sympathy, the pity and the horror of that spectator whose understanding has first been reached.

How are we to consider the character of the dramas as literature? Are we to agree with Carl Holliday, who finds in the early plays "an earnestness, a keenness of observation, a vividness of characterization, and a style that demand admiration?"<sup>1</sup> Or are we to accept the judgment of the Bookman? "It is almost impossible to reckon with the disillusionment of the printed page. The first two plays in Mr. Galsworthy's collection (i. e., The Silver Box and Joy) are really surprising in the impression they give of intellectual frugality. There was nothing left over for any literary use."<sup>2</sup> While it is not difficult to see wherein the Bookman has touched a weak spot, it is still impossible to disagree to any extent with Holliday, who is backed by such able critics and historians as C. E. Montague<sup>3</sup> and Barrett H. Clark.<sup>4</sup> Holliday has admirably summarized the outstanding qualities of Galsworthy's art; the Bookman, on the other hand, has picked out what is far from being a major defect and has unduly emphasized it. Furthermore, is it not true that the emotional, the decorative and the ulterior are missing rather than the intellectual? The Silver Box as it stands is cut down to the essence; not a word can be spared; yet the very strength of the play is here. Here is the art of dramaturgy at its best, existing by and for itself, without and properly without any extraneous matter. Nor do most of the later plays fall below this standard.

1 English Fiction; p. 405.

2 Bookman; Sept., 1909, 30:15-16.

3 The Literary Play in Essays and Studies of the English Association; vol. II p. 83.

4 British and American Drama of To-day; pp. 128-129.





Notwithstanding the assertion of the Bookman, the plays actually do possess a real value in the library. For the person who enjoys reading plays, they are always full of interest and instruction. That the plots are modern in content, simple and enlightening is the explanation. Inquiry among both men and women gives any necessary corroboration of this. For the student of contemporary drama each of the ten long plays has something to offer of artistic value. The later plays are more readable, the earlier more suitable for intensive study, because of the subjects treated, the great manifestation of the author's philosophy, and the theatrical success. Strife and The Silver Box are technically so remarkable that they will repay careful attention; yet in The Fugitive and The Pigeon the author has mastered the secondary details of construction which may have eluded him, only infrequently to be sure, in the first three or four plays. For the interest alone perhaps The Fugitive, The Eldest Son and A Bit o' Love attract the casual reader to the greatest degree. The Pigeon, however, can never be neglected because of its characters and its true picture of life. This comedy, also, plays most admirably. Of the other four dramas not mentioned above Justice, because of its effect on the English prison laws, can not be overlooked, and Joy, The Mob and The Little Dream introduce additional phases of Galsworthy's skill. That alone makes them worth while for the student. I have not spoken of The Little Man and Hall-marked, which are merely satirical sketches set in the dialogue form, though very effective withal.

By some Justice will forever be considered a masterpiece of early twentieth century tragic drama because of that very element of sordid tragedy which most repels and alienates others. I shall later



speak of the tragic note in Galsworthy's work. To the vast majority Strife seems the most clean-cut and well-made and, therefore, the most literary of the dramas. The high character of the plays as literature and their reasonable success in the theatre encourages some reviewers to hope that the day of the commercial theatre is passing. According to the Literary Digest in 1912 the literary drama is perhaps taking the place of the so-called popular plays and the star system of acting.<sup>1</sup> It is doubtful if this happy change is really taking place, for the facts do not bear out the sanguine expectation of the Literary Digest.

Galsworthy's dramas are varied and complex in character. The author evidently never felt a desire to follow one form of the drama, except that in general his work is realistic; instead he tried his hand at both comedy and tragedy, at satirical plays, at tragi-comedy, at dramatic apologue, at symbolism and poetic drama. In Justice, The Fugitive and The Mob the motive is tragedy, while Joy and The Pigeon are almost pure comedy,--as nearly pure as Galsworthy's philosophy will allow. The Silver Box, Strife, The Eldest Son and A Bit o' Love may be called tragi-comedies. Hall-marked and The Little Man are absolute satires. Symbolism exhibited through the medium of poetry and the spirit of comedy pervades The Little Dream. The Mob is not only a tragedy but also an apologue<sup>2</sup> and a prophetic vision.<sup>3</sup> Galsworthy writes few plays in which the scenes are teeming with stage business and in which the action is rapidly developed before the eyes of the

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1 March 23, 1912, 44:592-593.

2 The Modern Drama, Ludwig Lewisohn.

3 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Trumbauer; p.9.





spectators; yet none is like Ibsen's in which the action precedes the rising of the curtain. In all he paints a picture rather than tells a story. He treats the psychological state which causes action rather than the action itself.<sup>1</sup> This is the principal reason for the noticeable lack of forward movement in acts II and III of Justice and in all of The Pigeon. Other examples are not wanting. It also explains in part the omission of the scène à faire in The Fugitive in which the reader or hearer is obliged to imagine the experiences of Clare between the third and fourth acts after she has finally declared her absolute independence. Furthermore, it excuses the author for his last two acts in A Bit o' Love. The climax of this play is reached before the end of act I; at the end of the act the play is technically completed. Yet Galsworthy in some degree justifies the continuation of his drama because he has not finished his study of the psychological states which exist in Strangway.

Restraint is to Galsworthy most necessary in a dramatist. From The Silver Box to A Bit o' Love he practices extreme restraint until his effort becomes almost too evident. Doubtless he has perfected his art through this, but probably he has cut down his style until it can be cut down no more and serve its purpose. I have already cited The Silver Box as a specific example of his severely repressed style. The following will illustrate the same point even more concretely.

"Freda. Father brought me up not to whine. Like the puppies when they hold them up by their tails. (With a sudden break in her voice) Oh! Bill!

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<sup>1</sup> Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Trumbauer; p. 39.



Bill. (With his head down, seizing her hands) Freda! (He breaks away from her to the fire) Good God!

She stands looking at him, then quietly slips away by the door under the staircase. Bill turns to speak to her, and sees that she has gone. He walks up to the fireplace, and grips the mantelpiece.

Bill. By Jove! This is-----!

The curtain falls."<sup>1</sup>

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"(The court is in a stir. Roper gets up and speaks to the reporter. Jack, throwing up his head, walks with a swagger to the corridor; Barthwick follows.)

Mrs. Jones. (Turning to him with a humble gesture.) Oh! sir!---

(Barthwick hesitates, then yielding to his nerves, he makes a shame-faced gesture of refusal, and hurries out of court. Mrs. Jones stands looking after him.)

The Curtain falls."<sup>2</sup>

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"George. We can try.

Clare. I have---haven't you?

George. We used--

Clare. I wonder!

George. You know we did.

Clare. Too long ago, if ever.

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1 The Eldest Son; act I, scene 2; p. 29.

2 The Silver Box; act III; p. 80.





George. (Coming closer) I--still--

Clare. (Making a barrier of her hand) You know that's only cup-board love."<sup>1</sup>

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"Clare. Everything has a beginning, hasn't it?

(She drinks. The young man stares at her.

Young Man. (Floundering in these waters deeper than he had bargained for) I say--about things having beginnings--did you mean anything? (Clare nods.

Young Man. What! D'you mean it's really the first--?

Clare nods. The champagne has flicked her courage.

Young Man. By George! (He leans back) I've often wondered.

Arnaud. (Again filling the glasses) Monsieur finds--

Young Man. (Abruptly) It's all right.

He drains his glass, then sits bolt upright. Chivalry and the camaraderie of class have begun to stir in him.

Young Man. Of course I can see that you're not--I mean, that you're a--a lady. (Clare smiles) And I say, you know--if you have to--because you're in a hole--I should feel a cad. Let me lend you--?<sup>2</sup>

In these passages and in numerous others Galsworthy has left unsaid more than he has said. Bill's exclamation: "By Jove! This is--" is the acme of suggestive phrasing. The author's fine distinction is again most visible in the scene between Clare and the Young Man. Just

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<sup>1</sup> The Fugitive; act I; p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid; act IV; p. 85.



enough has been said. Anything less would have made the conversation ineffective; anything more would have made it less finished. "Examples are invidious," remarks Professor Lewisohn, "when almost every phrase has the inevitable rightness of the order of art at its best."<sup>1</sup> "Whoever wishes," he continues, "to attain a style in dramatic dialogue, exact but always restrained, natural but never redundant, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Galsworthy." *Justice*

Though all the plays are marked by severe restraint and never approach sentimentality or exaggeration, Justice especially owes its success to the author's firm control over the entire tragedy and his insistence that the story never go beyond the bounds of naturalness and the actuality of life. "The strength of this playwright's arraignment of the English criminal code," writes T. D. E. in Survey, "lies in its restraint. Throughout there is deliberate underdrawing of situations, no ranting emotionalism, and little harrowing detail. Easy openings for tragic but not unlikely complications are passed over. By suggesting many such potentialities in the general situation, instead of making any particular ones explicit, the power of the play is made ten-fold."<sup>2</sup> M. Meyerfield recognizes a contrast between German and English art in this respect. He admires Galsworthy's restraint, but feels obliged to say, "Wortkargen hat sich wohl nie eine Werbung in Roman abgespielt; doch was zwischen den Worten, mehr noch: Zwischen den Zeilen steht, ist aufschlussreich genug und verschweigt uns nicht das wahre Wesen dieser schweisgsamen Menschen. Höchste Kunst,

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1 The Modern Drama; p. 212.

2 Nov., 18, 1911, 27:1238.





fast schon Virtuosität bewährt sich hier.....Wir Deutschen sind mehr für Gefühlsentladung als für eine so singuläre Zurückhaltung."<sup>1</sup>

In Galsworthy's art the emphasis is placed upon atmosphere, situations and incidents; not upon plot and characters. His contrasts arise directly from situations and his leit-motif is almost invariably an idea. Dr. Trumbauer finds that "the use of symbols and moods of nature" even more than "sensitiveness to the value of details" and "careful selection of themes" enables Galsworthy to create atmosphere successfully.<sup>2</sup> Concentration on incident is not without its drawbacks according to Mr. A. R. Skemp, who sees that it militates against perfection in character studies.<sup>3</sup> Examples of concentration on situations are not hard to find. Perhaps most obvious are the court scenes in The Silver Box and Justice, the prison scenes in Justice, the gathering of the workmen in Strife, and the dance in the barn in the last act of A Bit o' Love.

One of the most striking characteristics of the early plays is the artistic balance and parallelism in The Silver Box, Strife and The Eldest Son, which make up a trio almost unique in the modern drama. In the first play Galsworthy involves Jones in a situation exactly parallel to that in which Jack Barthwick finds himself. The contrast in the outcome of the two complications results in an artistic triumph. Strife, on the other hand, strikes a balance by the final compromise between the two opposing forces. In The Silver Box the action diverges to the unsatisfactory but realistically necessary end-

1 Das Literarische Echo; 13J, p. 1094.

2 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy; p. 42.

3 Essays and Studies of the English Association; vol. IV, p. 166.



ing. In Strife it converges to an equally necessary conclusion, but to an end which is at the same time proper and pleasing. The fall of the protagonists is of course pathetic, not to say tragic, but the general result is something we want to see in life, and do see; not what we do not wish to be accustomed to. The Eldest Son can not be compared throughout with either of these two earlier plays. The parallel is there, to be sure, but the lines never diverge to catastrophe or meet in agreeable compromise. The gulf between the similar situations confronting Dunning and Bill is wide at the start; at the end it is just as wide. In The Silver Box the chasm becomes wider in the last act, while in Strife it grows more narrow until it finally exists no longer.

In The Little Dream a balance is in force between the two experiences offered to Seelchen in her dream and in the brief conversations with the traveller and the guide the evening before. The contrast between the life of the city on the one hand and the life of the mountains on the other is immense. Seelchen perceives and is unable to choose. Hence, she flees to the Great Horn as an alternative.

Parallels also exist in A Bit o' Love, between Strangway and the two unfortunate men Jim Bere and Jack Cremer; and in Joy, between Joy and her mother. In neither case is the parallel complete. Faced by heavier troubles than his friends, Strangway is both more tragic and less pathetic than they. His afflictions do not cause such pity in us as their simple troubles evoke. According to Miss Beech Joy is like her mother and she proves this is true when she accepts one love to compensate the loss of another.

Lyricism as well as romanticism is practically absent except in





The Little Dream and A Bit o' Love. In the former it only reveals Galsworthy's comparative ineffectiveness in this type of expression; and in the latter it occupies a very minor place, though the lyrical atmosphere in certain passages probably accounts for the fact that the play is more beautiful than the other dramas. If, then, the author avoids the lyric and the romantic, how do we explain the light-heartedness and boisterousness in Hall-marked and portions of The Pigeon, in the character of the American in The Little Man, in Ferrand of The Pigeon and in the children of A Bit o' Love? Obviously the author utilizes the children for the purposes of contrast. In the other cases light-heartedness hides an element of satire, no less deep because it is less evident at first glance.

Turning now to another phase of Galsworthy's literary art, we may look for manifestations of local color. The novels are full of it; what about the plays? A Bit o' Love, to be sure, abounds in local color, but elsewhere we look in vain for the typical characteristics of any particular district.

In all the plays the atmosphere corresponds to the scenes. Thus another artistic triumph is achieved. The court rooms are typical throughout; the homes homelike; the offices business-like.

Irony and satire are always two serviceable tools of the dramatist, for he shapes his plots to gain ironic effect. Roberts and Anthony at opposite poles strive and lose; Mrs. Megan is not wanted, but must live; Strangway loves "everyliving thing," but is driven close to suicide by circumstances; Jones is incarcerated, Jack swaggers from the courtroom; Mrs. Jones wears out her life in honest labor to support her husband and children, but she loses her humble po-



sition. That Galsworthy can see the irony of things gives him courage and is one of the bulwarks of his art. Occasionally the irony becomes too morose or cynically, but the weight of it is apparently becoming less heavy as time goes on. In The Little Man his satire is very typical and strikes many of the characters. The American traveller is an object of the satire along with the rest but in the quotation given below he is fortunate enough to be giving instead of taking it.

"Official. Typhus? Der Bub'--die baby hat typhus?

American. I'm telling you.

Official. Gott im Himmel!

American. (Spotting the German in the little throng) Here's a gentleman will corroborate me.

Official. (Much disturbed, and signing to the policeman to stand clear.) Typhus! Aber das ist grasslich!

American. I kind o' thought you'd feel like that."<sup>1</sup>

So much has been said incidentally of the comic and tragic elements in Galsworthy's work that but little more can be added here. Galsworthy is never a master of comedy, but he is enough a master of his art to introduce comedy into his plays where it is needed. In Joy many comic scenes are present, as in act I:

"Joy. Oh, Uncle Tom, your head is so beautiful from here!

(Leaning over she fans it with a leafy twig.

Miss Beech. Disrespectful little toad!

Colonel. (Quickly putting on his hat.) You'll fall out, and a pretty mess that'll make on--(he looks uneasily at the ground)--my

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<sup>1</sup> The Little Man; scene 3; p. 29.





lawn!

(A voice is heard calling "Colonel! Colonel!"

Joy. There's Dick calling you, Uncle Tom.

(She disappears.

Dick. (Appearing in the opening of the wall.) Ernie's waiting to play you that single, Colonel!

(He disappears.

Joy. Quick, Uncle Tom! Oh! do go, before he finds I'm up here.

Miss Beech. Secret little creature!

(The Colonel picks up his racket, shakes his fist, and goes away.)

Joy. (Calmly.) I'm coming down now, Peachey. (Climbing down.) Look out! I'm dropping on your head.

Miss Beech. (Unmoved.) Don't hurt yourself!

(Joy drops on the rustic seat and rubs her shin.) Told you so! (She hunts in a little bag for plaster.) Let's see!

Joy. (Seeing the worms.) Ugh!

Miss Beech. What's the matter with the poor creatures?

Joy. They're so wriggly!"<sup>1</sup>

In The Pigeon the humble men and Wellwyn furnish the fun which keeps this study from being stark irony.

"Chief Humble-Man. (In an attitude of expectation.) This is the larst of it, sir.

Wellwyn. Oh! Ah! yes!

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<sup>1</sup> PP. 92-93.



(He gives them money; then something seems to strike him, and he exhibits certain signs of vexation. Suddenly he recovers, looks from one to the other, and then at the tea things. A faint smile comes on his face.

Wellwyn. You can finish the decanter.

(He goes out in haste.

Chief Humble-Man. (Clinking the coins.) Third time of arskin'!  
April fool! Not 'arf! Good old pigeon!

Second Humble-Man. 'Uman being, I call 'im.

Chief Humble-Man. (Taking the three glasses from the last packing-case, and pouring very equally into them.) That's right. Tell you wot, I'd never 'a touched this unless 'e'd told me to, I wouldn't --hot with 'im.

Second Humble-Man. Ditto to that! This is a bit of orl right!  
(Raising his glass.) Good luck!

Third Humble-Man. Same 'ere!

(Simultaneously they place their lips smartly against the liquor, and at once let fall their faces and their glasses.

Chief Humble-Man. (With great solemnity.) Crikey! Bill! Tea!...  
...'E's got us!"<sup>1</sup>

Another ludicrous incident occurs in the same play when the philosophers lose sight of the individual.<sup>2</sup> Again at the end of act II the philosophers are shown in a comic light.

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1 Act III; pp. 79-80.

2 See Chapter II, pp. 35-36.





"Bertley. We must not despair of anyone.

Hoxton. Who talked of despairing? Treat him, as I say, and you'll see!

Calway. The interest of the State--

Hoxton. The interest of the individual citizen sir--

Bertley. Come! A little of both, a little of both!

(They resume their brushing.

Ferrand. You are now debarrassed of us three, Monsieur. I leave you instead--these sirs. (He points.) Au revoir, Monsieur! (Motioning towards the fire.) 'Appy New Year!

(He slips quietly out. Wellwyn, turning, contemplates the three reformers. They are all now brushing away, scratching each other's backs, and gravely hissing. As he approaches them, they speak with a certain unanimity.)

Hoxton. My theory---!

Calway. My theory---!

Bertley. My theory---!

(They stop surprised. Wellwyn makes a gesture of discomfort, as they speak again with still more unanimity.)

Hoxton. My---!

Calway. My---!

Bertley. My---! (They stop in greater surprise.)<sup>1</sup>

In The Eldest Son the rehearsal for Caste serves as a humorous interlude. Even The Silver Box opens with a scene which surely brings smiles if not laughter to the observer; and Mr. Barthwick's oft repea-

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1 PP. 56-57.



ted "My principles!" grows at length laughable. One of the best comic incidents is the attempt of the villagers in A Bit o' Love to elect a chairman.<sup>1</sup>

Galsworthy secures comic effect through the revelation of character,<sup>2</sup> never through a play upon words, rarely through a play upon situation. Pathos is gained in a similar way. Neither is forced; for there is no humor for the sake of humor, no pathos for the sake of pathos. The following extracts will illustrate Galsworthy's natural humor and pathos.

"Burlacombe. I wanted for yū to know, zurr, that me an' mine 'adn't nothin' to dū wi' that darned fūlishness, just now.

Strangway. (With a ghost of a smile) Thank you, Burlacombe. It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter a bit.

Burlacombe. I 'ope yū won't take no notice of it. Like a lot o' silly bees they get. (After an uneasy pause) Yū'll excuse me spakin' of this mornin', an' what 'appened. 'Tes a brave pity it cam' on yū so sudden-like before yū 'ad time to think. 'Tes a sort o' thing a man shūde zet an' chew upon. Certainly 'tes not a bit o' yūse goin' against human nature. Ef yū don't stand up for yūreself there's no one else not goin' to. 'Tes yūre not 'avin' done that 'as made 'em so rampageous. (Stealing another look at Strangway) Yū'll excuse me, zurr, spakin' of it, but 'tes amazin' sad to zee a man let go his own, without a word o' darin'. 'Tes as ef 'e 'ad no passions-like."<sup>3</sup>

Justice closes with a scene "as poignantly true and pathetic as

1 Act II, scene 2; pp. 47-55.

2 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Trumbauer; p. 78.

3 A Bit o' Love; act III, scene 1; p. 62.





modern drama can show."<sup>1</sup>

(Ruth drops on her knees by the body.

Ruth. (In a whisper) What is it? He's not breathing. (She crouches over him) My dear! My pretty!

(In the outer office the figures of men are seen standing.

Ruth. (Leaping to her feet) No, no! No, no! He's dead!

(The figures of the men shrink back.

Cokeson. (Stealing forward. In a hoarse voice) There, there, poor, dear woman!

(At the sound behind her Ruth faces round at him.

Cokeson. No one'll touch him now! Never again! He's safe with gentle Jesus! (Ruth stands as though turned to stone in the doorway staring at Cokeson, who, bending humbly before her, holds out his hands as one would to a lost dog.

The curtain falls."<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Galsworthy more particularly writes in the tragic vein, not, as I have shown, because the dark side of life appeals to him, but because he is most aroused by prevailing evils and wishes others to see facts as they are. Strife, Justice, The Fugitive and The Mob are tragedies of a new order, it must be confessed, for they fail to meet in many ways the requirements of Greek tragic art. They do not deal with the fall of great men; they are not lofty in tone; they do not take one out of oneself into a more elemental atmosphere of tremendous aspirations and even more tremendous failures. It is suggested that

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<sup>1</sup> Variety in Current Drama, Richard Burton; Dial, Dec., 16, 1910, 49:523.  
<sup>2</sup> Act IV; pp. 108-109.



Galsworthy considers only the actions and subjects of the day and that therefore his productions are not so disinterested and universal as great art.<sup>1</sup> The characters of his tragedies are often weak and small. At best they are sympathetic and well-meaning. It is apparently easier for them to submit to circumstances than to struggle against them. More must be called an exception to this rule, and, perhaps, Anthony and Roberts, also, but they fail utterly to remind one of the great figures of tragedy like Œdipus the king, or Lear, or even Ibsen's Rosmer and Strindberg's hero in The Father. Can Galsworthy's plays be termed tragedies? Critics are divided on the question which can not yet be entirely settled. Assuredly the author has assembled new materials and evolved new methods to make up a powerful drama<sup>2</sup> as in Justice, which, before some audiences, is powerful enough to cause terror and profound pity and indignation. Judged by old standards Justice is not a great tragedy. Change the standard and the play should belong to the class of great tragedies even though it will not find a place among the greatest. "Travelling in a certain path," wrote Matthew Arnold,<sup>3</sup> "the spirit of man arrived at Greek tragedy; travelling in other paths, it may arrive at other kinds of tragedy." Perhaps there is some justification for a belief that Galsworthy's drama is about to set a new standard;--not, it is to be hoped, in opposition to the Greek idea of tragedy, for this Mr. Galsworthy himself would not desire,--but parallel to it; perhaps on a lower plane, but certainly on a level which shall make its existence not only defensi-

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1 Living Age; June 1, 1912, 273:565-567. ✓

2 Current Opinion; May 1916, 60:324-328.

3 Preface to Merope, 1858.





ble but worthy of the highest commendation. Poor Falder will then become a truly tragic figure and we shall all be eager to accept and appreciate the following well-chosen words descriptive of the silent scene in Justice: "The great scene in the third act, when Falder, alone in his cell, in a silence you can hear, an utter appalling soul-destroying silence, unbroken save for one terrible moment by the clash of a falling tin, paces up and down, up and down, up and down, like a caged animal, till he hurls himself in a paroxysm of hysteria battering madly with head and hands against his clanging cell-door,--that scene left its audience with a memory of stricken and dry-eyed horror that will not easily be effaced."<sup>1</sup>

Galsworthy chooses his themes, whether they be for comedy or for tragedy, of a kind that are contemporary, interesting and capable of dramatization. Faithful to his mood as he always is, he continues faithful to the themes throughout.<sup>2</sup> Undoubtedly he clings too tenaciously to the themes and the plays falter somewhat now and then in dramatic effect. Nevertheless, this unity of mood fixes the plays in the memory.<sup>3</sup>

It has been stated<sup>4</sup> that Galsworthy in his larger situations fails to gain the greatest results, and that his true worth lies in the artistic touches in little things, subtle but unmistakable. This is probably the truth. Acts II and III of A Bit o' Love are technically superfluous, as before indicated, but no modern dramatist could

1 Theatre Magazine; September 1911, 14:89-90.

2 Current Opinion; May 1916, 60:324-328.

3 Living Age; Jan., 24, 1914, 280:229-233.

4 Dramatic Portraits, P. P. Howe; p. 252.



have adorned his accomplishment with a stroke more beautiful than that which produced the skylark scene, rich in significance and simple in construction. The same hand was responsible for the tense anticipation of a coming crisis in the apparent absolute peacefulness of the first scene of The Eldest Son. Most charming and yet most pitiful is Freda as she gives out the flowers to some of the guests as they descend the staircase. P. P. Howe mentions the piping of Jan in Strife and the occasion in The Eldest Son when Bill touches Freda's arms as he leaves her alone with his mother as typical Galsworthian master-strokes. He speaks of other slight incidents which seem to have an ill effect or no effect at all; such as Mrs. Cheshire's aversion for the wringing movement of Studdenham's hands after he has been informed of his daughter's situation.<sup>1</sup>

Galsworthy is doubtless one of the extreme realists of the century. He prefers to class himself with the naturalistic school; not, however, with those who are of the heritage of Zola, but with the group of dramatists including Barker, Ervine and Hauptmann, whose primary object is to be natural, to see life as it is, and in their production to bring into harmony what they see and what they feel. There is a good deal of idealism in his work notwithstanding his pronounced realism. He illustrates "the truth of the fact that the idealistic and the naturalistic elements, instead of being diametrically opposed, are not only compatible but complementary."<sup>2</sup> Some would go so far as to say that "his drama is at its best when it is most spirit-

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1 The Eldest Son; Act III; p. 71.

2 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Trumbauer; p. 38.





ual and imaginative."<sup>1</sup> His realism never becomes brutal. "Unerbittlich in seiner Wahrheitsliebe, verfällt er nie in einen brutalen Realismus."<sup>2</sup> Herr Meyerfield sees in him a resemblance to Clara Viebig.<sup>2</sup> Realist though he is, he recognizes that there must be a place in the drama for romanticism<sup>3</sup> and he abhors the struggle between adherents of the two schools. "The tossing of abuse from realist to romanticist and back is but the sword play of two one-eyed men with their blind side turned toward each other."<sup>4</sup> He seems to have taken something from the classic tradition and from the romanticists and sentimentalists as well. He understands, appreciates and admires both.

In Galsworthy we see no direct didacticism. He is not a preacher of sermons, though he has been called just that. His plays are descriptive, not expository. Even in Justice and The Mob which are most nearly didactic, the judge, the two counsels, Cokeson and even Stephen More always speak for themselves, never for Mr. Galsworthy.

Galsworthy is not a fatalist; his normal attitude is one of belief in free-will, the free-will of a few directing the destinies of the many, who exhibit fatalistic tendencies in their lives. Above all he wishes to be rational, but he can not often create rational individuals in his dramas because he does not often find them in the world. Hence, he gives us the Barthwick family, Colonel Hope, Mrs. Gwyn, Sir William Cheshire, Falder, Clare, and the philosophical trio of The Pigeon, to name some of the more pronounced examples among im-

1 Living Age; Jan., 24, 1914, 280:229-233.

2 Das Literarische Echo; M. Meyerfield; 13J, p. 1092.

3 See Some Platinitudes Concerning the Drama in The Inn of Tranquillity for opinions regarding the channels through the modern drama must pass.

4 Vague Thoughts on Art in The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 277.



portant characters.

At this point I must conclude the discussion of the various aspects of Galsworthy's art. Before proceeding to a consideration of his dramatic technique, three or four facts bearing on the foregoing pages should be noted. First, Galsworthy is a literary artist in both the drama and the novel. We must agree with Professor William Lyon Phelps: "John Galsworthy is a notable figure in contemporary literature, having enjoyed something like real fame for about ten years. He is a novelist and a dramatist of distinction; a maker of respectable verse; above all, a satirist."<sup>1</sup> He is not so brilliant a novelist as he is a dramatist, but in general his literary qualities as shown in the drama are duplicated in the novel. Novels are as a rule analytical, plays synthetical; yet he has discovered the secret of both forms.<sup>2</sup> "The qualities required for drama are so different from those necessary for the novel that special talent for the one form of expression almost precludes a special talent for the other; on the one hand, concentration and a comparative crudeness of exposition; on the other discursiveness and subtle shades of psychological analysis."<sup>3</sup> On the one hand are Strife and The Silver Box; on the other are The Man of Property, as an example of discursiveness, and The Country House and The Dark Flower as examples of subtle psychological analysis. British novelists are turning more and more to the drama as a means of expressing themselves; yet, even to-day, it may be said as in 1909, that "it is so seldom that a British novelist of distinction has any

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<sup>1</sup> The Advance of the English Novel in the Bookman; May 1916, 43:304.

<sup>2</sup> Fortnightly Review; May 1909, 91:971-977.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.





feeling for drama that Mr. John Galsworthy practically stands by himself."<sup>1</sup>

Second, the author's philosophy has a direct influence on the worth of the plays. Because "he refuses to mix his ingredients according to the managerial formula,"<sup>2</sup> and because "the finality that is requisite to Art, be it positive or negative, is not the finality of dogma, nor the finality of fact, it is ever the finality of feeling,"<sup>3</sup> he increases the literary value of his plays, though he interferes with their popularity. No author who disregards the taste of the public and attends exclusively to the demands of a rigid and select art can expect general acclaim. Hence, Galsworthy is one among many who must be tried by the individual rather than by the crowd.

Third, the successful revival of some of Galsworthy's plays is noteworthy. Justice, Strife and The Pigeon in particular have been produced again and again with surprising results. The Eldest Son is always sure of a considerable run. In 1916 in New Haven, New York and Chicago Justice proved even more of a drawing card than it had in 1910 abroad. Both Justice and Strife, and probably The Silver Box as well, promise to maintain their semi-popular place so long as the social conditions of to-day exist in anywhere near their present form. The Pigeon and A Bit o' Love possess sufficient potential power, so far as can now be seen, to outlive generations. These are not greater plays than the earlier masterpieces, but they are not necessarily so immediately temporary, and, as a result, will perhaps live longer.

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1 Fortnightly Review; May 1909, 91:971-977.

2 Current Literature; Jan., 1910, 48:81-83.

3 Meditation on Finality in The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 204.



## CHAPTER V

## DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMAS

Galsworthy is not a student of the theatre; he is rather a student of life. For this reason his technique, while admirable on the whole, is weak in places. In a word, he never tries for stage effects; when he gets them it is the result of the dramatic character of the situations he has chosen to develop. The explanation of this is simple: Galsworthy since his youth has been studying stories and plots, especially short stories and simple plots; he has put his attention upon the drama only in the past twelve or thirteen years, and during this time he has had no intimate acquaintance with actual stage conditions. His knowledge of the theatre, therefore, is second-hand; but his ability to construct plots is surpassed by few.

Technique may be considered under the topics of plot (including general management of the plays), dialogue, and character. Let us follow this order throughout the chapter, first speaking of general management, acts, scenes, stage directions, curtains, etc.

All of Galsworthy's plays live in spite of their theatrical inaction. Except in trial, prison and mob scenes the author allows for little business upon the stage. The actors may supply this, however.





The mob scenes of Strife, The Mob and A Bit o' Love, the trials in The Silver Box and Justice, and the third scene of act III of the latter play are good examples of capable handling of stage activities. The struggle between Jones and his wife over the silver box is another powerful and active scene. In another particular the author errs more grievously than by cutting down the action. He surrenders "one great source of dramatic effect"<sup>1</sup> because he oftentimes does not heighten the tension through moral conflicts. Ibsen would have probed the souls of Falder, Jack Barthwick and Freda Studdenham until he found and revealed the entire mental struggle and the reason for the final decision of the personage. Galsworthy shows Falder wafted about by the wind of misfortune, an unthinking culprit and an unreasoning victim. Young Barthwick may feel qualms of conscience before giving his testimony at the trial of Jones or remorse at his perjury, but he is only represented to us either as a stupid inebriate or a selfish spendthrift. Freda also, so far as we can observe, follows as her only guides her instinct and her father. Nothing of a mental struggle is revealed. Galsworthy's interest is rather with the chosen theme. No one can complain at this, but, unfortunately, he does not balance effect. Everything is so continuously grey that it results in a relaxation of the tension. A frequent brightening of the sombre colors would lead to intensification.

The great strength in the plays lies in the first acts. They are works of art. The Silver Box through three stirring scenes maintains an awakened and a growing interest. The drunken scene is admira-

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<sup>1</sup> Essays and Studies by the English Association; vol. IV, p. 154.



bly managed in dialogue and stage directions. At the fall of the curtain the audience understands the significance of the silver box. The ending is foreshadowed but not forestalled. The first act of Joy is weak, for it does not advance the plot or prepare adequately for what is to come. Furthermore, there is too much preparation for Mrs. Gwyn's entrance. In Strife, while the opening act fails to catch the attention as does the corresponding act of The Silver Box, it fully pictures one side of the double problem and foreshadows the other. In The Eldest Son the first act gives suspense, definite action, forecast; in Justice it contains almost the whole movement of the tragedy. Acts II and III of this play show no progress and act IV little but the catastrophe. Before the second act of The Fugitive we know that Clare will leave home; we expect,--yes, know--that she will encounter difficulties; and we expect Malise will be involved in these difficulties. As for The Pigeon, Barrett H. Clark states that "the first act is a work of art. Galsworthy never wrote a better act.....There is no superfluous word; each syllable counts."<sup>1</sup> In The Mob the introductory scene seems less intense and economical in matter. It is a good act, but it is not a great one. I have heretofore mentioned the first act of A Bit o' Love as a play in itself. The skylark incident, the serio-comic children, the meeting between Michael and Beatrice, and the forecast in the sympathy extended to Cremer by the pastor make this a powerful act.

One will readily perceive that the acts after the first are, comparatively speaking, inferior. They are characterized by less ac-

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<sup>1</sup> British and American Drama of To-day; p. 136.





tion and more talk; they are sometimes inconclusive, sometimes, as they stand, unnecessary. The ending of act II of The Silver Box is an exception. It is nothing less than a master stroke,<sup>1</sup> for it provides a nucleus for the third act and makes it inevitable. In none of the other plays does a second act lead so naturally and forcibly into a third.

His endings prove nothing; they are inconclusive; they even surprise occasionally by their unexpectedness. He gives us no warning when the end is to be, and sometimes we can not be wholly pleased at this. The endings of Justice, The Fugitive and A Bit o' Love are abrupt but evidently justifiable. The close of Strife is cold and ironical, but it is the truth and satisfactory truth at that. The Pigeon, The Eldest Son, and The Silver Box terminate gracefully, concisely and irresistibly. The conclusions of most of the plays are unhappy. Galsworthy satirizes him who will have only the happy ending in The Plain Man.<sup>2</sup> Each play comes to an end as the acts end without a tableau. From every point of view this constitutes one of the author's supreme merits. Life rarely ends a situation with a tableau; why should a sincere and realistic play attempt to do otherwise?

Justice considerably and A Bit o' Love to a less extent violate unity of action, while The Pigeon has little action to violate. Time and again the unities of time and place are justly broken, but the dramatist observes them occasionally when they may be employed to advantage. Joy preserves both these unities; Strife that of time; The Pigeon that of place. The Silver Box covers two days; The Eldest Son

<sup>1</sup> Fortnightly Review; May 1909, 91:971-977.

<sup>2</sup> In The Little Man; pp. 114-124.



the same; Justice nearly three years; The Fugitive one year and three days; The Pigeon about three months; The Mob an indefinite period; A Bit o' Love one entire day.

Neither suspense nor criticism is used by Galsworthy to heighten the interest or the tension. I do not mean to imply that climax and suspense are absent or feeble; they merely exercise their functions in a perfectly normal manner. Galsworthy lets them alone. Perhaps this is a fault, perhaps an excellence. He loses effect by avoiding padding or adroit manipulation of his materials. He wishes to be sincere, but he weakens his plays for the stage.

By this time we have discovered that Galsworthy is an independent dramatist. Theatrical conventions he disregards; popular taste he would like to satisfy but he can not do so and continue sincere; happy endings are often absent in life and if he is to interpret life they must be often absent from his plays. In his early plays he neglected the principle that there should be one central figure in a play about which the interest of the audience could gather. In all the plays he cares not whether the audience sympathizes with his leading men and women or turns from them in disgust. His object is to tell his story in a convincing manner and he manages his play with this end in view. He is above all independent as this summary shows.

Let us now consider his management of curtains. Artfully introducing his curtains with an eye to the final and total impression rather than to a sudden and startling dramatic appeal to the audience, he brings his acts to an end upon a peaceful yet telling scene, not upon a moment of vivid intensity, whether of tragedy, pathos or humor. One critic says that his sense of situation "shows pre-eminently in





his central ideas, and subordinately in his apt management of his curtains, which in his best plays are situations in themselves, epitomising the chief issues of the act or scene."<sup>1</sup> A more sagacious criticism is that of William Archer: "This shrinking (from theatricality) is particularly marked, though I do not say it is carried too far, in the plays of Mr. Galsworthy. Even the most innocent tricks of emphasis are to him snares of the Evil One. He would sooner die than drop his curtain on a particularly effective line. It is his chief ambition that you should never discern any arrangement, any intention, in his work. As a rule the only reason you can see for his doing thus or thus is his desire that you should see no reason for it. He does not carry this tendency, as some do, to the point of eccentricity, but he continually goes as far as any one should be advised to follow. A little further, and you incur the danger of becoming affectedly unaffected; artificially inartificial."<sup>2</sup>

Settings of the plays are in wealthy residences, in homes of the poor, in police courts, on lawns, beside a factory, in cottages, at a village inn, in a barn, outside a church, in a studio, in a flat, in a supper room, in an alley, in an office, and in a prison. Galsworthy has "a keen sense of place.....place as it helps to form a part of, or a background to character."<sup>3</sup> Rural life is better known to him than city life<sup>4</sup> but he chooses to depict the latter more frequently in his plays.

1 John Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith; p. 19.

2 Playmaking; pp. 328-329.

3 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Trumbauer; p. 21.

4 Ibid; p. 22.



Usually he pays little attention to the time of year, but in The Pigeon he rather obviously selects Christmas, New Year's Day and April first for his three acts in order to strengthen the significance of each act.

Galsworthy's stage directions are one of the sources of his power. Proper stage directions require terseness and expressiveness, and he can supply these well. His mass scenes are directed with a broad sweep which leaves no uncertainty, no indecisiveness, to puzzle the audience or bewilder the reader. Each character, each action, each tableau, is a part by itself, yet a part of the whole. This he makes evident by his stage directions and his descriptions. His three-person scenes balance the interest among the speakers. When two persons hold the stage, he gains an even greater effect. Such are the scenes between Strangway and Beatrice, between Wellwyn and Ferrand, between Clare and Dedmond, between More and Katherine, and between Jones and his wife. Galsworthy's stage directions are chiefly responsible for "the terror of the scene"<sup>1</sup> in Justice when Falder is alone in his cell.

"In fast-failing daylight, Falder, in his stockings, is seen standing motionless, with his head inclined towards the door, listening. He moves a little closer to the door, his stockinged feet making no noise. He stops at the door. He is trying harder and harder to hear something, any little thing that is going on outside. He springs suddenly upright--as if at a sound--and remains perfectly motionless. Then, with a heavy sigh, he moves to his work, and stands looking at

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<sup>1</sup> Current Opinion; May 1916, 60:324-328.





it, with his head down; he does a stitch or two, having the air of a man so lost in sadness that each stitch is, as it were, a coming to life. Then turning abruptly, he begins pacing the cell, moving his head, like an animal pacing its cage. He stops again at the door, listens, and, placing the palms of his hands against it with his fingers spread out, leans his forehead against the iron. Turning from it, presently, he moves slowly back towards the window, tracing his way with his finger along the top line of the distemper that runs round the wall. He stops under the window, and, picking up the lid of one of the tins, peers into it. It has grown very nearly dark. Suddenly the lid falls out of his hand with a clatter—the only sound that has broken the silence—and he stands staring intently at the wall where the stuff of the shirt is hanging rather white in the darkness—he seems to be seeing something or somebody there. There is a sharp tap and click; the cell light behind the glass screen has been turned up. The cell is brightly lighted. Falder is seen gasping for breath.

"A sound from far away, as of distant, dull beating on thick metal, is suddenly audible. Falder shrinks back, not able to bear this sudden clamor. But the sound grows, as though some great tumbril were rolling towards the cell. And gradually it seems to hypnotise him. He begins creeping inch by inch nearer to the door. The banging sound, travelling from cell to cell, draws closer and closer; Falder's hands are seen moving as if his spirit had already joined in this beating, and the sound swells till it seems to have entered the very cell. He suddenly raises his clenched fists. Panting violently, he flings himself at his door, and beats on it.

The curtain falls."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Justice; act III, scene 3; pp. 82-84.



In the making of stage directions, according to critics, Galsworthy has few peers. I include below quotations from the Athenæum and from Professor Lewisohn.

"No one can examine the text without being startled to discover how packed it is with stage directions.....Mr. Galsworthy has learnt.....the use of pause and pantomimic action in the theatre, and the results are to be seen on every page of the book. Hence, as should be the case, only those who have a great deal of imagination or considerable experience of the stage will obtain the same sort of impression from a study of one of the scenes in print as from watching it acted."<sup>1</sup>

"His stage directions are often psychological and often contain a touch of generalization.....They never violate the impersonality of dramatic art.....They are full rather than lengthy, and attain such fulness by a frugal exactness of diction.....Not infrequently they are descriptive."<sup>2</sup>

The entrances and exits of the characters are satisfactory in most cases. The entrances are casual and give no suggestion of being artificially prepared. In Joy Mrs. Gwyn's arrival is discussed almost too much. We anticipate her entrance too eagerly, for she is a disappointment as a character. In this play also people come and go apparently without reason until we finally become confused. The first entrance of Clare in The Fugitive is foreshadowed, but she fully merits the anticipation. Entrances are handled with great success in the first acts of The Silver Box and The Eldest Son.

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1 Athenæum; July 17, 1909, 134:79-80.

2 The Modern Drama; p. 211.





A more specific treatment of the plot, other than in those particulars considered above dealing especially with management of the structure of the plays, would include first of all methods of exposition. Galsworthy almost invariably starts his dramas with a hint somewhere near the beginning of the dialogue as to what is to be the theme of the story. Clare asserts early in The Fugitive that she can live no longer with her husband. Therefore, she is to be a fugitive. Jones steals a silver box and the box at once becomes of extreme importance in the minds of the spectators. Strangway lets the skylark go free and, hence, can not restrain his wife when she desires freedom. Exposition of antecedent events is not emphasized. The exposition is rather of character. In most of the plays the exposition covers the first act. Hence, the crisis of the action often comes at the end of the opening act. In Justice it is the arrest of Falder, in The Eldest Son Freda's announcement to Bill. Most of the story of each play falls within the play. In The Silver Box Jack has taken the reticule before the rising of the curtain. In Strife a strike has been going on but nothing important has occurred. In Justice Falder has forged the check and has become a lover of Ruth before the play begins. In A Bit o' Love Beatrice Strangway has separated from her husband.

Once the plot is well on its way it progresses logically. The author stretches a thread ahead to the end before he begins, and picks it up behind him as he advances. If many threads exist, he carefully gathers them all as he proceeds. In Justice the thread is abandoned for two acts, but it is recovered again before the end.

Galsworthy, it must be said, is not any too careful in his choice of scènes à faire. Clayton Hamilton in a recent book<sup>1</sup> points

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<sup>1</sup> Problems of the Playwright; p. 154. Bookman; May 1917, 45:292-296.



out the palpable errors in Galsworthy's work in an unsparing manner. Galsworthy, he contends, leaves out what should be in and often includes what should be left out. He condemns, and rightly condemns if the plays were designed to please the average theatre-going public, his omission of the scène à faire in The Fugitive (the end of act III), The Pigeon (a scene between Mrs. Megan and her husband after act II), The Eldest Son (a scene between Bill and Freda in which Freda shall refuse to accede to Bill's plan), Justice (a stage representation of the scene between Ruth and Falder which takes place in another room). This critic contrasts Galsworthy's plays with those of Jones, Barrie and Pinero to the disadvantage of Galsworthy. He admits Galsworthy is a bit of an artist, but he can not accept him as a great technical craftsman. This is sound criticism in many ways, but it ignores the primary fact that this author is concerned above all with "living incidents" which "have in themselves the inevitable structure of drama." He selects the theme and then refuses to alter it for stage purposes. Some of Galsworthy's situations are, therefore, in themselves masterly as the following excerpts will show.

"Jones. Leave that coat alone!

(The silver box drops from the pocket, scattering the cigarettes upon the bed. Taking up the box she stares at it; he rushes at her and snatches the box away.)

Mrs. Jones. (Cowering back against the bed.) Oh! Jem! oh, Jem!

Jones. (Dropping the box on to the table.) You mind what you're

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1 The Modern Drama; Lewisohn; p. 210.





sayin'. When I go out I'll take and chuck it in the water along with that there purse.....I don't want it; what's the good of it to me?.. ....I'm no thief. I'm no worse than wot that young Barthwick is; he brought 'ome that purse that I picked up--a lady's purse--'ad it off 'er in a row, kept sayin' 'e'd scored 'er off. Well, I scored 'im off. ....I'll make it hot for 'em yet. What about that purse? What about young Barthwick?

(Mrs. Jones comes forward to the table and tries to take the box; Jones prevents her.)

What do you want with that? You drop it, I say!

Mrs. Jones. I'll take it back and tell them all about it.(She attempts to wrest the box from him.)

Jones. Ah, would yer?

(He drops the box, and rushes on her with a snarl. She slips back past the bed. He follows a chair is overturned. The door is opened; Snow comes in, a detective in plain clothes and bowler hat, with clipped moustaches. Jones drops his arms, Mrs. Jones stands by the window gasping; Snow, advancing swiftly to the table, puts his hand on the silver box.)"<sup>1</sup>

"Jim. Yü threw un out of winder. I cud 'ave, once, I cud.

(Strangway neither moves nor speaks; and Jim Bere goes on with his unimaginably slow speech) They'm laughin' at yü, zurr. An' so I come to tell 'ee how to dü. 'Twas full müne--when I caught 'em, him an' my girl. I caught 'em. (With a strange and awful flash of fire) I did;

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<sup>1</sup> The Silver Box; act II, scene 1; pp. 39-40.



an' Ituk un (He takes up Strangway's coat and grips it with his trembling hands, as a man grips another's neck) like that--I tuk un.

As the coat falls, like a body out of which the breath has been squeezed, Strangway, rising, catches it.

Strangway. (Gripping the coat) And he fell!

He lets the coat fall on the floor, and puts his foot on it. Then, staggering back, he leans against the window.

Jim. Yü see, I loved 'er--I did. (The lost look comes back to his eyes) Then somethin'--I dunno--and--and--(He lifts his hand and passes it up and down his side) 'Twas like this for ever.....I come to tell yü. They'm all laughin' at yü. But yü'm strong--yü go over to Durford to that doctor man, an' take un like I did.....I come to tell yee.....

Voices. Güde naight, Tam. Güde naight, old Jim!

Voices. Güde naight, Mr. Trustaford. 'Tes a wonderful fine müne.

Voice of Trustaford. Ah! 'Tes a brave müne for th' poor old curate!

Voice. "My 'eart 'E lighted not!"

Trustaford's laugh, and the rattling, fainter and fainter, of wheels. A spasm seizes on Strangway's face, as he stands there by the open door, his hand grips his throat; he looks from side to side, as if seeking a way of escape."<sup>1</sup>





Galsworthy sometimes does not make the most of his strong situations, but as a rule he is skillful in "holding" crucial "points" so as to get from them their full dramatic effect. Throughout the first act of Strife great stress is brought to bear upon Anthony to urge him to submit to a compromise with the strikers. Galsworthy holds the emphasis upon this point for several minutes until the audience or the readers realizes to the full that Anthony has taken a position which he will not relinquish. In the first act of The Eldest Son as the dinner guests pass Freda on their way down the staircase to the dining room, each person has a few words to say to the maid. In these few words each character is introduced, but, more than that, the audience becomes fully aware of the situation between Rose Taylor and Dunning and is prepared for the similar situation which Freda's later announcement makes known. Galsworthy creates here a strong act because he keeps in the air, so to speak, a hint of these situations.

The dramatist carries forward the interest in many cases by forecasting complications. In The Silver Box the theft by Jones suggests many possible results. In Strife there is always the possibility that Harness may join the strikers and, furthermore, even in the first act there is much opposition to Anthony even among the board members themselves. Suspicion of Malise in the first act of The Fugitive suggests that he may be involved in Clare's later life. The appearance of Rory Megan at the window in The Pigeon also forecasts trouble between him and Ferrand. In this case the author does not choose to emphasize and follow out the suggestion. When it is reported in The Mob that "they got our men all crumpled up in the Pass--guns helpless,"<sup>1</sup> we at

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<sup>1</sup> Act II; p. 21.



once suspect that the difficulties ahead of Stephen More will be increased two-fold and we dare not imagine what they will be.

To Galsworthy it is a platitude that the dramatist should "hang the plot to the characters," not the characters to the plot.<sup>1</sup> Yet in his plays he is not too careful in carrying this out. Often, as in The Silver Box, he makes the characters depend upon the plot. This is even more the case in Justice where the picture is everything, is so much in fact that the characters almost lose their independent life and serve only as phases of the picture. In Strife, while the action turns upon the characters of Anthony and Roberts, in the end the human figures are moulded by the plot. In his "platitude" Galsworthy no doubt means that the characters will first take shape in the author's mind. These will suggest the ramifications of the plot and these in turn must inevitably influence the final destiny of the men and women. It is true, also, that the more vital and plausible the characters, the more lifelike and permanent will be the play. Strife with its Anthony and Roberts will probably hold the stage longer than Justice, the same type of play, in which it is impossible to pick out any figures remarkable for their strength and virility. The same is true in comparing Strife with The Silver Box. One may also cite A Bit o' Love and The Eldest Son to the advantage of the former, simply for the reason that Strangway is an imposing figure, whatever the improbabilities in his character. The Pigeon, furthermore, owes its peculiar excellence to the fact that the plot is subordinated to the characters, or "hung to them," as Galsworthy would say.

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1 The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 195.





The main plots of the plays are either simple, as in The Silver Box and The Eldest Son, or encumbered, though not seriously, with sub-plots, as in Joy and A Bit o' Love. In a way the sub-plots are essential; each minor action has its place. The case of the Livens children in act III of The Silver Box fittingly introduces the central trial scene. The audience is at once brought into the proper atmosphere. Justice is at work; we become interested. In Joy Mr. Lever and his mine provide a side-plot somewhat confusing in the general scheme of the comedy, but valuable in emphasizing the character of Colonel Hope and the play on the letter "I". The rehearsal for Caste in The Eldest Son is not out of touch with the main action, yet it points almost too evidently to the theme. Ruth Honeywill in Justice is the center of a plot almost necessarily interwoven with the thread of the attack against the prison system. In A Bit o' Love Jack Cremer, Jim Bere, the children and the citizens at their meeting are only indirectly related to the plot centering about Strangway and Beatrice. Every movement of each figure, however, amplifies the background and maintains the proper atmosphere. The plot is heavy with lateral incidents but it does not break. The Fugitive and The Mob are the most direct and intense plays.

There are counter-plots in all the plays: Jones and his wife versus the Barthwicks and justice; Joy, Dick, Colonel Hope and "Peachey" versus Mrs. Gwyn and Lever; force versus compromise in Strife; Studdenham versus Cheshire; Lamond versus Felsman; Falder and Ruth versus the system; Clare versus everything; the reformers versus Wellwyn; More versus the mob; Strangway versus his wife on the one hand and versus his parishioners on the other. In Strife Roberts and



his wife in their home life are a remarkable and significant contrast to the placid, carefree life of Underwood and Enid. The latter endeavors to link the two families--the female members at least--in a sympathetic bond, but is unable to do so because of the wide gulf between the situations, and between the natures of the poor and the well-to-do. In The Fugitive Malise is the center of a plot counter to Dedmond and the divorce court.

Act IV of The Fugitive is an after-plot; so is the "aftermath" in The Mob, and the scene between Cremer and Strangway at the close of A Bit o' Love. In a sense the final catastrophes of The Silver Box and Justice are also after-plots, as the previous denouement has forecast the concluding action.

Let us now turn to the dialogue which, with Galsworthy, is invulnerable so far as criticism is concerned. We can only admire his dialogue. In line with other modern dramatists he discards the soliloquy except where the exigencies of the play demand it. Thus Bill may say "By Jove! This is---!" under the stress of his overwhelming emotion when surprised by Freda's announcement of her condition. Cokeson does not violate actuality when he adds aloud: "And five's twelve, and three---fifteen, nineteen, twenty-three, thirty-two, forty-one and carry four. (He ticks the page, and goes on murmuring) Five, seven, twelve, seventeen, twenty-four and nine, thirty-three, thirteen and carry one." It is also permissible for Strangway to utter his prayer at the close of A Bit o' Love, for Jones to mutter to himself as he takes the silver box from Jack Barthwick, and for Wellwyn to say to himself "Bad lot....Low type--no backbone, no stability!" Asides Galsworthy does not use because they are apart from life.





As his "preoccupation is with actuality,"<sup>1</sup> he fits the words to the characters. Each word either relates to the action or reflects and reveals traits in the persons of the plays. Especially natural is the speech of the villagers in A Bit o' Love. With the naturalness goes a "pungency."<sup>2</sup> "His style has none of the usual faults: he never destroys the illusion by metaphorical or rhetorical extravagances."<sup>2</sup> Jones, Cokeson, Falder, Studdenham, Wister, Jim Bere, the students in The Mob, Roberts, Rous, and Thomas all speak with their own tongues. Mr. Galsworthy stands aloof. A little stiffness may be observed in the words of Barthwick or Cheshire or James How. Barthwick is somewhat affected in his repeated declarations that the whole affair of the silver box is against his principles. Perhaps Cheshire is a little too bold and denunciatory, and How more like a talking machine than a human being. Except in these cases the dialogue rarely falters.

Galsworthy does not reproduce real conversations. He treats them so that they appear as reproductions on the stage. They have "at all points the ring of reality."<sup>3</sup> His dialogue can only be compared with that of Hauptmann or Ervine. It "is the best dramatic dialogue in the language,"<sup>4</sup> wrote Professor Lewisohn before Ervine had become well known.

Good dialogue is character in Galsworthy's estimation. "The art of writing true dramatic dialogue," he writes, "is an austere art, denying itself all license, grudging every sentence devoted to the mere machinery of the play, suppressing all jokes and epigrams severed

1 Modern Dramatists, Ashley Dukes; p. 150.

2 Athenæum; July 17, 1909, 134:79-80.

3 Bookman; January 1910, 30:461-463.

4 The Modern Drama; p. 211.



from character, relying for fun and pathos on the fun and tears of life.....Good dialogue is hand-made like good lace.....Good dialogue is also spiritual action."<sup>1</sup>

The handling of the conversations is most masterly in mob scenes. Here again the author rivals Hauptmann, if he does not surpass him in individualizing the members of the crowds. Trumbauer concludes from this that Galsworthy must have some knowledge of the theatre.<sup>2</sup> Actuality is no more manifest than in the mass scenes. The following example will denote this:

"A Girl. (At the edge) Which is 'im! The old 'un or the young?

(More turns and mounts the remaining steps.

Tall Youth. (With lank black hair under a bowler hat) You blasted traitor!

More faces round at the volley of jeering that follows; the chorus of booing swells, then gradually dies, as if they realized they were spoiling their own sport.

A Rough Girl. Don't frighten the poor feller!

(A girl beside her utters a shrill laugh.

Steel. (Tugging at More's arm) Come along, sir.

More. (Shaking his arm free--to the crowd) Well, what do you want?

A Voice. Speech.

More. Indeed! That's new.

Rough Voice. (At the back of the crowd) Look at his white liv-

<sup>1</sup> The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 195.

<sup>2</sup> Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Trumbauer; p. 55.





er. You can see it in his face.

A Big Navvy. (In front) Shut it! Give 'im a chanst!

Tall Youth. Silence for the blasted traitor?

A youth plays the concertina; there is laughter, then an abrupt silence.

More. You shall have it in a nutshell!.....

.....There is an ugly rush, checked by the fall of the foremost figures, thrown too suddenly against the bottom step. The crowd recoils. There is a momentary lull, and More stares steadily down at them.

Cockney Voice. Don't 'e speak well! What eloquence!

Two or three nutshells and a piece of orange-peel strike More across the face. He takes no notice.

Rough Voice. That's it! Give 'im some encouragement.

The jeering laughter is changed to anger by the contemptuous smile on More's face.

A Tall Youth. Traitor!

A Voice. Don't stand there like a stuck pig.

A Rough. Let's 'ave 'im dahn off that!

Under cover of the applause that greets this, he strikes More across the legs with a belt. Steel starts forward. More, flinging out his arm, turns him back, and resumes his tranquil staring at the crowd, in whom the sense of being foiled by this silence is fast turning to



rage.

The crowd. Speak up, or get down! Get off! Get away, there--or we'll make you! Go on!

(More remains immovable)

A Youth. (In a lull of disconcertion) I'll make 'im speak! See! He darts forward and spits, defiling More's hand. More jerks it up as if it had been stung, then stands as still as ever. A spurt of laughter dies away into a shiver of repugnance at the action. The shame is fanned again to fury by the sight of More's scornful face.

Tall Youth. (Out of murmuring) Shift! or you'll get it!

A Voice. Enough of your ugly mug!

A Rough. Give 'im one!

Two flung stones strike More. He staggers and nearly falls, then rights himself.

A Girl's Voice. Shame!

Friendly Voice. Bravo, More! Stick to it!

A Rough. Give 'im another!

A Voice. No!

A Girl's Voice. Let 'im alone! Come on, Billy, this ain't no

fun!

Still looking up at More, the whole crowd falls into an uneasy silence, broken only by the shuffling of feet. Then the Big Navvy in the front rank turns and elbows his way out to the edge of the crowd.





The Navvy. Let 'im be!

With half-sullen and half-shamefaced acquiescence the crowd breaks up and drifts back whence it came, till the alley is nearly empty.

More. (As if coming to, out of a trance—wiping his hand and dusting his coat) Well, Steel!

And followed by Steel, he descends the steps and moves away. Two policemen pass glancing up at the broken glass. One of them stops and makes a note!<sup>1</sup>

Galsworthy draws his characters with a firm though pliant hand. He presents them to us through their style and tricks of speech rather than through the comments of others upon them, stage business or action. We learn to know Barthwick because the things which he does not understand or can not tolerate are "against his principles." Sir Charles Dedmond in The Fugitive so frequently uses the mannerism "What!" and other exclamations that we soon discover he is an abrupt and bluff old man, though inclined to be genial. The slowness and indecision of Wellwyn's speech is indication of kind-hearted and easy-going temperament. Anthony's taciturnity reflects the immovability of his character. Mrs. Jones' every word is a revelation of her patience. Characters, however, are sometimes emphasized by action as in the case of the reformers of The Pigeon who fall over the individual.

Galsworthy's characters are types; when the plays are acted they become individuals. In this respect at least the plays are more powerful on the stage than in the study. Even on the stage it is not

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<sup>1</sup> The Mob; act III, scene 1; pp. 43, 44, 46-48.



difficult to associate persons like Cheshire, Scantlebury, Mrs. Barthwick, the Reverend John Latter (in The Eldest Son) and Timson with types. Actors give the necessary personal touch. Most of the types are members of social groups and they often represent their different classes. "In other words, his impressionism is underlaid with symbolism so that he constantly uses the superficiality of the fleeing moment to ensnare and hold the lasting reality of the spirit within."<sup>1</sup>

Galsworthy never gives us a deep knowledge of his men and women, for his study of them is on the surface. We have a fleeting glimpse of Anthony, of Roberts, of Harness, and they are gone. "It is impossible, remarks the Spectator, "to resist being interested in these persons, and yet our interest is never satisfied; we are not told enough about them; instead, we are told a great deal about general problems connected with class. These problems are absorbing, no doubt; but there is one thing more absorbing than all of them, and that thing is the human soul—in Mr. Anthony, in Roberts, in Mr. Anthony's daughter, in Robert's wife—and, what is more, he shows it to us under the stress of profound feelings; but it is only for a moment, and then it is shuffled out of sight. It almost seems as if Mr. Galsworthy himself was not quite sure of what he was aiming at. He has hesitated between his principles and his persons, and it is only too true, that, in the drama, he who hesitates is lost."<sup>2</sup>

The characters readily separate into three groups: supporters of the established order; victims of that order; and imaginative persons who perceive the source of the trouble, sympathetic folk in gen-

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1 Review of Reviews; May 1911, 43:634-636.

2 March 27, 1909, 102:498-499.





eral who, we may feel, speak for Mr. Galsworthy. In the first group are Barthwick, Anthony, Ernest Blount (Joy), James How, Latter, Christine Cheshire and her father, the lawyers, administrators of justice, General Dedmond, Calway, Bertley, Hoxton, Shelder (The Mob), the Dean of Stour (The Mob), Katherine More, etc. The victims include, among the rebellious, Jones, Mrs. Gwyn, Roberts, Clare, More; among the patient, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Roberts, Falder, Ruth, Timson, Mrs. Megan. Ferrand does not rebel; neither is he patient; he reflects. In the middle group are Edgar Anthony with his sister and brother-in-law, Miss Beech, Walter How, Cokeson, "Dot" Cheshire, Mrs. Cheshire, Wellwyn and little Ivy Burlacombe (A Bit o' Love).

In most of the plays the men control; the women are patient sufferers or insignificant. In Joy, however, the protagonists are women. In The Fugitive Clare predominates. Married couples in trouble appear in The Silver Box, Joy, Justice, and, more particularly, The Fugitive, The Mob and A Bit o' Love. Young lovers are portrayed only rarely. Joy and Dick, Madge and Rous, Bill and Miss Lanfarne, Falder and Ruth Honeywill complete the list, and only the first case is important. The one situation involving Madge and Rous is noteworthy for its vividness and power, but it has little to do with the main plot or plots of Strife. The love of Falder for Ruth is only a motive enabling the main plot built about the system of justice to start in motion. The relations between Bill and Miss Lanfarne are decidedly incidental.

Often, in fact usually, the leading figures are fathers and mothers: The Barthwicks, the Joneses, Mrs. Gwyn, Colonel and Mrs. Hope, the Cheshires, the Underwoods, Wellwyn, the Mores, Mrs. Bradmere (A



Bit o' Love), the Burlacombes, Trustaford and Jarland (A Bit o' Love). Sympathetic understanding between husband and wife is found only in the cases of Colonel and Mrs. Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood and General and Mrs. Dedmond; and in the first of these love is dead.

Children are minor characters until The Mob is reached, unless we include Joy, Seelchen and Anne, who are almost, if not quite, beyond childhood. Olive can not be forgotten as one of the few bright spots in The Mob. In A Bit o' Love Galsworthy attempted something new and succeeded well, for the many children are individualized and interesting. Ivy, Connie, Gladys, Mercy, Tibby, Bobby,—each has a place, each leaves a memory.

Of artists Galsworthy creates Wellwyn, Malise and Jame Home (The Mob); of business men, Anthony and his son, Wilder, Underwood, Scantlebury, Wanklin—all in Strife--and William Banning in The Mob. His politicians make up a memorable group: Barthwick, Lever, More and his opponents. Harness is a politician in the sphere of the unions. Lawyers, judges, detectives, etc., are also prominent: Roper, Snow, a police magistrate and others in The Silver Box; James and Walter How, Wister, Justice Floyd, Cleaver, Frome, Captain Danson in Justice; Twisden in The Fugitive; Hoxton and a police constable in The Pigeon; Shelder in The Mob. Still another important group is the ministers: Rev. John Latter, Rev. Hugh Miller (Justice), Canon Bertley and Strangway.

The dramatic personæ, or, as Galsworthy prefers, "Persons of the play," are prefixed, according to the usual custom, to the plays. In The Silver Box, Justice, The Pigeon, The Fugitive and The Mob the casts of the original productions are inserted after the list of char-





acters. Though unnecessary, this is often convenient. From these casts we may learn that Ethel Barrymore created the part of Mrs. Jones and Bruce McRae that of her unlucky husband. Dennis Eadie was the first Falder. Other well-known actors in the first production of Justice were Sydney Valentine and Dion Boucicault. Edyth Clive took the part of Ruth Honeywill. Others of note who have acted in Galsworthy's plays are Claude King as George Dedmond, Leslie Rea as Edward Fullerton, Vincent Clive as A Young Man in The Fugitive, Milton Rosmer as Malise and More, Irene Rooke as Clare Dedmond and Katherine More and Mr. Eadie as Ferrand as well as Falder.

Though the names of Mr. Galsworthy's people never suggest qualities in them, which is well, they do eminently seem to fit the characters, which is better. Who would think of naming Jones Barthwick or Barthwick Jones? Something would be wrong, though perhaps we could not determine precisely where or what. Anthony, also, suits the employer, Roberts the employed. How well, furthermore, Enid and Underwood unite with the personality of the manager's wife and Annie with the wife of Roberts! It is doubtless next to an impossibility for Galsworthy to assign an unsuitable name to one of his men or women, for it has become natural for him to choose one appropriate.

Crowded to the limit with characters, the plays do not suffer, for the playwright does not exceed a limit within which he is successful. The Silver Box has eighteen persons and several supernumeraries; Joy ten; Strife thirty and a crowd of men; The Eldest Son sixteen; The Little Dream three and about thirty voices and figures; Justice eighteen and "a number of barristers, solicitors, spectators, ushers, reporters, jurymen, warders and prisoners;" The Fugitive twenty-six; The



Pigeon thirteen and "some curious persons;" The Mob twenty, "some black-coated gentlemen" and a mob; A Bit o' Love twenty "and others;" The Little Man ten; Hall-marked eight. It will be noted that, aside from The Little Dream, Strife, Justice, The Fugitive and The Mob require the greatest number of participants, and it is probable that in the first three of these plays at least Galsworthy differentiates the characters most completely and satisfactorily. He is at his best in Strife where he must handle many men of almost as many types. That he is able to do this is a certain evidence of his skill.

There are few women in the plays in contrast to the novels, where they are numerous,--as numerous as the men. Yet one or two in each play always occupy extremely important places. In The Silver Box there are five and two girls, only two of the women essential in the plot; in Joy six; in Strife seven; in The Eldest Son seven; in The Little Dream one of the three characters; in Justice one; in The Fugitive seven, only one or two of importance; in The Pigeon two; in The Mob six; in A Bit o' Love three and five girls; in The Little Man two; in Hall-marked four. Though these figures are small in comparison with the total, they are large beside the number of women in dramas of many other modern playwrights.

Galsworthy takes most of his people from the middle class.

"Diese Klasse, (the upper middle class) der Rumpf des britischen Weltreichs, ist Galsworthys Domäne."<sup>1</sup> His people are "good solid folk,"<sup>2</sup> but they are not, as some believe, "stock figures."<sup>2</sup> On the other

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1 Das Literarische Echo, M. Meyerfeld; 13J, p. 1092.

2 Living Age; Jan., 24, 1914, 280:229-233.





hand they "bristle with individuality; they quiver with genuine vitality; they attract or repel us, as if we were looking into living eyes and listening to spoken words."<sup>1</sup> Cheshire, Barthwick and some minor characters are, doubtless, traditional figures.

The absence of a hero is a weakness in the plays. Shakespeare knew it would be "ruinous for his play if he allowed his audience to wonder which was the hero and which was the villain."<sup>2</sup> Galsworthy does not ruin his plays; in fact, he is true to the kind of life he portrays where heroes are often absent and villains only weak-kneed and petty criminals.

The author "draws a number of people, who for some reason or other are pale."<sup>3</sup> We look in vain for a powerful leader. Strangway, Roberts, Anthony, More and Wellwyn possess some of the attributes of which a hero is made, but Strangway alone prevails over circumstances and he is a dreamer and a visionary, and his control over himself is never very firm. Neither are there heroines. Joy depends on others; Freda acquires courage only once; Ruth falters again and again; Clare is pitifully unwise.

Some criminal act is the basis of several of the plays and forms the motive. Yet no real criminals appear. Jones and young Barthwick steal in a spirit of bravado, which causes the latter to say "I've scored you off! You cat!"<sup>4</sup> Bill is no criminal. Falder and Ruth are weak. It is impossible to associate Clare, Timson or even Mrs.

1 Review of Reviews; May 1911, 43:634-636.

2 Fortnightly Review; July 1, 1913, 100:103-109.

3 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Trumbauer; p. 76.

4 The Silver Box; act I, scene 1; p. 7.



Strangway with crime. They are at most faulty or pale.

Many of the characters submit to circumstances. "Falder occupies the position of the insect under foot."<sup>1</sup> Galsworthy's women break conventions but they do so after a tremendous struggle. In the end they fall by the way. Herr Meyerfield notes in *Das Literarische Echo* the useless struggle of the unfortunate and feeble-minded against life. Galsworthy, like Hauptmann, draws "people who are very sensitive or serious, and people who are feeling mental pressure."<sup>2</sup> Frailty plus sensitiveness makes a Falder, a Ruth Honeywill, a Mrs. Megan. Character development is not marked in the plays because the emphasis is too much upon incidents.

All in all the gallery of portraits is rich and varied.<sup>3</sup> "No modern dramatist, indeed, save Hauptmann and Schnitzler, can show within the limits of six plays (The Silver Box, Strife, The Eldest Son, Justice, The Fugitive and The Pigeon) so memorable an array of human figures."<sup>4</sup>

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1 The Repertory Theatre, P. P. Howe; p. 84.

2 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy, Trumbauer; pp. 19-20.

3 Ibid; p. 15.

4 The Modern Drama, Lewisohn; p. 218.





## CHAPTER VI

## RELATIONSHIPS AND CONCLUSION

When all has been said regarding Galsworthy's philosophy of life, his literary art and his technique, a critic finds little or nothing more to investigate or interpret within the plays themselves. But in the author's relations with his times and in a comparison of his dramas with those of contemporaries there is sufficient matter for a concluding chapter. We have seen what the plays are; now we may ask what is their significance. We know how the playwright works; let us now determine how his method compares with others.

First, we may consider the social significance of the plays. I have shown that The Silver Box, Strife, The Eldest Son, Justice and The Pigeon, particularly, deal with social problems. Several of the plays have caused either the crystallizing of opinion on some question of the day, as in the case of Justice, or the creation of some new idea, as in the cases of The Silver Box and The Eldest Son. The popularity of The Pigeon, the general approval of Strife and the influence of Justice show that Galsworthy's works in general must have considerable social significance. Justice evidently spurred an American playwright to attempt a similar work. However inferior the play called



Under Sentence<sup>1</sup> may be, the author must have realized the dramatic quality and the social significance of his source.

In The Social Significance of the Modern Drama by Emma Goldman Strife, Justice and The Pigeon are selected to show Galsworthy's interest in social problems. According to the writer the secret of Galsworthy's success lies in the fact that he presents real life. "It is this that makes him so thoroughly human and universal."<sup>2</sup> Her characterization of The Pigeon summarizes the social significance of the playwright's dramas, but her admiration of Ferrand, Wellwyn and Mrs. Megan is somewhat misplaced and overdrawn. "It is all-embracing in its sweep, so penetrating of the topsy-turviness of our civilization, with all its cant and artifice, so powerful in its condemnation of our cheap theories and cold institutionalism which freezes the soul and destroys the best and finest in our being. The Wellwyns, Ferrands and Megans are the stuff out of which a real humanity might be fashioned. They feel the needs of their fellows, and whatever is in their power to give, they give as nature does, unreservedly. But the Hoxtons, Calways and Bertleys have turned the world into a dismal prison and mankind into monotonous, gray, dull shadows."<sup>3</sup>

Galsworthy's treatment of social problems is in line with the tendency of other dramatists of this century, most of whom deal with similar problems though often in a different manner. This tendency reveals influences extending back to Ibsen and reactions resulting from the complex currents of contemporary life. In general the modern

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1 By Roi Cooper Megrue and Irvin Cobb.

2 P. 197.

3 P. 224.





dramatist is calling out for more independence, both politically and spiritually, for more enlightenment, and for more tolerance and humanitarianism.

Galsworthy, in company with Shaw, Barker, Barrie, Ervine, Lady Gregory and others, is building up the English drama. Intellectually and structurally behind the drama of continental nations in the period from 1890 to 1900, it has rapidly come forward, first under the influence of Shaw, later under the influence of younger playwrights. The English drama to-day no longer stands below the drama of the continent and Galsworthy has done much to place it toward the front where it is to-day.

At this early date it is no doubt impossible to trace a direct influence of Galsworthy or of the other dramatic leaders upon contemporary life and literature, but it is possible to detect a movement in the direction of realism, a movement necessitated by the demand of the people either for truth to life expressed through a simple natural medium, as Galsworthy's or Ervine's dramas, or for avowed romanticism, expressed poetically or even fantastically perhaps, but nevertheless in entire accord with the fundamental truths of humanity.

Galsworthy is independent of his countrymen both as regards the dramatic structure of his plays and his philosophy of life. He is not a conscious disciple of foreign authors. Like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky he pities and reverences suffering, but, as has truly been said,<sup>1</sup> the expression of his pity is rather in the manner of the French, of Flaubert. It is always subtle, penetrating but restrained,

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<sup>1</sup> John Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith; pp. 110-111.



ironical. Because he combines pity and irony he perhaps most resembles Turguenev.

In England Shaw and Barker are stage preachers; Galsworthy has a moral, but he places the emphasis upon the characters and the situations. With Pinero, Jones, Wilde, Davies, Maughan and their followers his dramas have little relation. These men write to please the public; he writes to satisfy his own ideal and to be faithful to life. In their dialogues they depend on their wit to interest their audiences and gratify the box office; he relies on the inherent possibilities in the natural dialogue of real men and women.

The contrast of Galsworthy with Shaw and Barker perhaps illustrates most clearly the place of the first named in the English drama. Let us first compare Shaw and Galsworthy. The former is some eleven years older than Galsworthy and will soon be sixty-two years of age. He began his dramatic career in the early nineties with severe studies into social problems. He had previously been a novelist with no great success and a critic of music and drama of recognized ability. After writing three so-called "unpleasant" plays he tried his hand at comedy, still handling problems of a social nature, at which he had greater success. Some of his later plays have been almost fantastic in character with a very rich vein of humor. His latest three plays have been short one-act studies. In all he has written some twenty-seven plays, all of considerable merit. Galsworthy, on the other hand, has composed but twelve plays, three of which are called plays only by a stretch of the imagination. He has had remarkable success in the field of the novel and considerable recognition as a writer of short stories and satires. He is not a great critic; at least he has not as





yet spoken out as a critic except in relation to his own work.

Shaw is most different from Galsworthy in the dialogue of his plays. Each of his characters speaks for Mr. Shaw, is the vehicle for his ideas--and he has a good many of them. Thus he uses his men and women to preach his doctrine. Furthermore, a great deal of the humor of his plays depends on the witty remarks the author puts into the mouths of his characters. The comic elements do not hinge as with Galsworthy on the humorous turns of the plot. Many of the brilliant bits of dialogue bear no relation to the plot, but are inserted to make the play lively, to make it a success.

Galsworthy's philosophy is largely constructive though he // rather points out errors in our social fabric than suggests remedies. Shaw, on the other hand, supports a destructive philosophy. Much of our social system is wrong at base in his opinion. He wishes to tear it down and build anew. Galsworthy would make changes here and there, but he would awaken the people before he attempts to impress an idea upon them. Shaw is often violent and loses himself in the maze of his ideas until he sometimes carries his philosophy and his preaching too far,--so far that it fails of the desired effect. Galsworthy, as we have seen, is never violent and is always restrained. He always sees both sides of the question and is scrupulously fair. Shaw, however, often makes his plays more powerful than those of his contemporary because of this vehemence and, also, because of the brilliance of his wit, the keenness of his thinking, his ability as a writer and the variety of his interests. Yet he never surpasses Galsworthy in his thinking or his style.

Galsworthy's technique is restrained like his philosophy; Shaw



is garrulous in his stage directions and in the description of his settings. His prefaces are sometimes as long as the plays themselves. He has something to say and he proposes to say it. Galsworthy has something to show and he shows it with the least possible commentaries on his performance. Both men are, therefore, eminently sincere, but, while the older dramatist puts the major part of his efforts into a representation of his own ideals, Galsworthy tries with equal success to show life as it is, keeping himself, meanwhile, for the most part in the background.

Barker is less concerned with social problems than either Shaw or Galsworthy but he nevertheless shows evidences of belonging to the same school of playwrights. Like the two older dramatists he is sincere; he is modern in that he treats modern problems; like Galsworthy he attempts to create real men and women in his plays, to make his situations plausible and his conversations natural. His dialogue, however, is perhaps too photographic, not well selected as in Galsworthy's plays. His people are often dull and lifeless though they are real figures. Furthermore, his situations are not so sharply defined and so well-chosen as Shaw's or Galsworthy's. Yet because he is a stage manager and an actor his dramas always fit the stage as well as, if not better than, the dramas of his two contemporaries. In representing life as it really is he surpasses even Galsworthy.

So far as structure is concerned Galsworthy has the greatest affinity, among modern dramatists, with Hauptmann and Ervine. The latter in England appears to be Galsworthy's successor a few years hence. John Ferguson and Jane Clegg testify that he is a playwright able and ready to develop the dialogue of actuality and the plot of





naturalness and unforced realism to an even higher standard than that set by Galsworthy. The similarity between Hauptmann and Galsworthy is much more remarkable, and, to a great degree, unaccountable. Dr. W. H. R. Trumbauer in his thesis points out the resemblance between the two authors in the subject matter and art of their works. It is probable that he makes far too much of general likenesses, which could be found on careful search between almost any two modern dramatists. A distinct parallel between Strife and Die Weber is evident, but the many other comparisons are not entirely convincing. The thesis is interesting, however, as showing how similarly the structure of the modern drama and the treatment of modern problems have developed in two different countries and in two different authors.

Dr. Trumbauer indicates the fact that both men are well versed in painting and music, that both are poets, novelists and dramatists "of international repute," and that each has written prose sketches and an introduction to another's work. "Each," he says, "is abreast of the modern development in both thought and technique.....Each is a leader in our renaissance drama.....Hauptmann is the foremost dramatist of contemporary Germany as Galsworthy is of contemporary England.....Both Hauptmann and Galsworthy are essentially writers of the twentieth century."<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Trumbauer does not attempt, however, to assign a reason for the parallel which he claims exists. P. P. Howe in his Dramatic Portraits suggests that Galsworthy received his inspiration for The Silver Box and Strife from Der Biberpelz and Die Weber. This argument

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1 Gerhart Hauptmann and John Galsworthy; p. 10.



falls to the ground if we are to believe the English playwright's statement that he had not read or seen a play by Hauptmann before writing Strife; and Strife above all is surely most closely akin in both thought and structure to a play of Hauptmann's; i. e. Die Weber. In the face of this we can go no further. The parallel between the two authors must indeed be accidental.

In one respect Galsworthy stands apart even from Hauptmann, and is superior to him. He is more of a master of the stage, and, as a result, he develops his situations more logically and more effectively.

Though he is so unlike Shaw, Pinero, Brieux, Sudermann and Schnitzler, not to mention many others, he seems, nevertheless, to be primarily a writer for the reader and the spectator of the day. Shakespeare's good to humanity, he says himself,<sup>1</sup> is eternal like the sky. The modern dramatist, on the other hand, does the public only an immediate good "by fortifying its prejudices" or "by substituting for its worn-out ethics his own." Galsworthy above all attempts to substitute for the public's worn-out ethics his own, but, in doing this, he may achieve some qualities which will make his name remembered long after the present period of the drama has passed away.

Galsworthy has a large following which would be even larger if he did not alienate "two important sets of readers--those who insist that a book shall teach them something, and those who with equal force insist that it shall teach them nothing."<sup>2</sup> That is, he is an indirect teacher, as I have remarked before. His "public," therefore, is large-

1 Some Platitudes Concerning the Drama in The Inn of Tranquillity; p. 191.

2 John Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith; p. 12.





ly confined to those who admire his art above all else and to those who sympathize directly with his philosophy.

The result of this study of Galsworthy's dramatic works has shown that the author is an interpreter of modernity, that he treats a large variety of problems in a sincere, straightforward and illuminating way, and that he secures an audience because of his technique and his literary art. His object, I have tried to point out, is to enlighten rather than to amuse or teach. He is fundamentally optimistic, though at first glance he often seems pessimistic and cynical. Above all things he is searching for the truth. As a dramatist he is strikingly independent, but he is never so independent that he becomes eccentric. His greatest powers as a technician lie in his ability to make dialogue which shall create an illusion of reality, to formulate situations of a dramatic character, to add stage directions and descriptions condensed and expressive, and to portray real human characters. His relations with other dramatists are general rather than specific. In his own country he is most like Ervine and most unlike Shaw. His greatest affinity is with Hauptmann. In the main these are the points I have tried to make. That Galsworthy has a past of which he may be proud I think is certain; that the future for him is promising there can be no doubt, and we may look for his further development as an artist during the next ten or more years.



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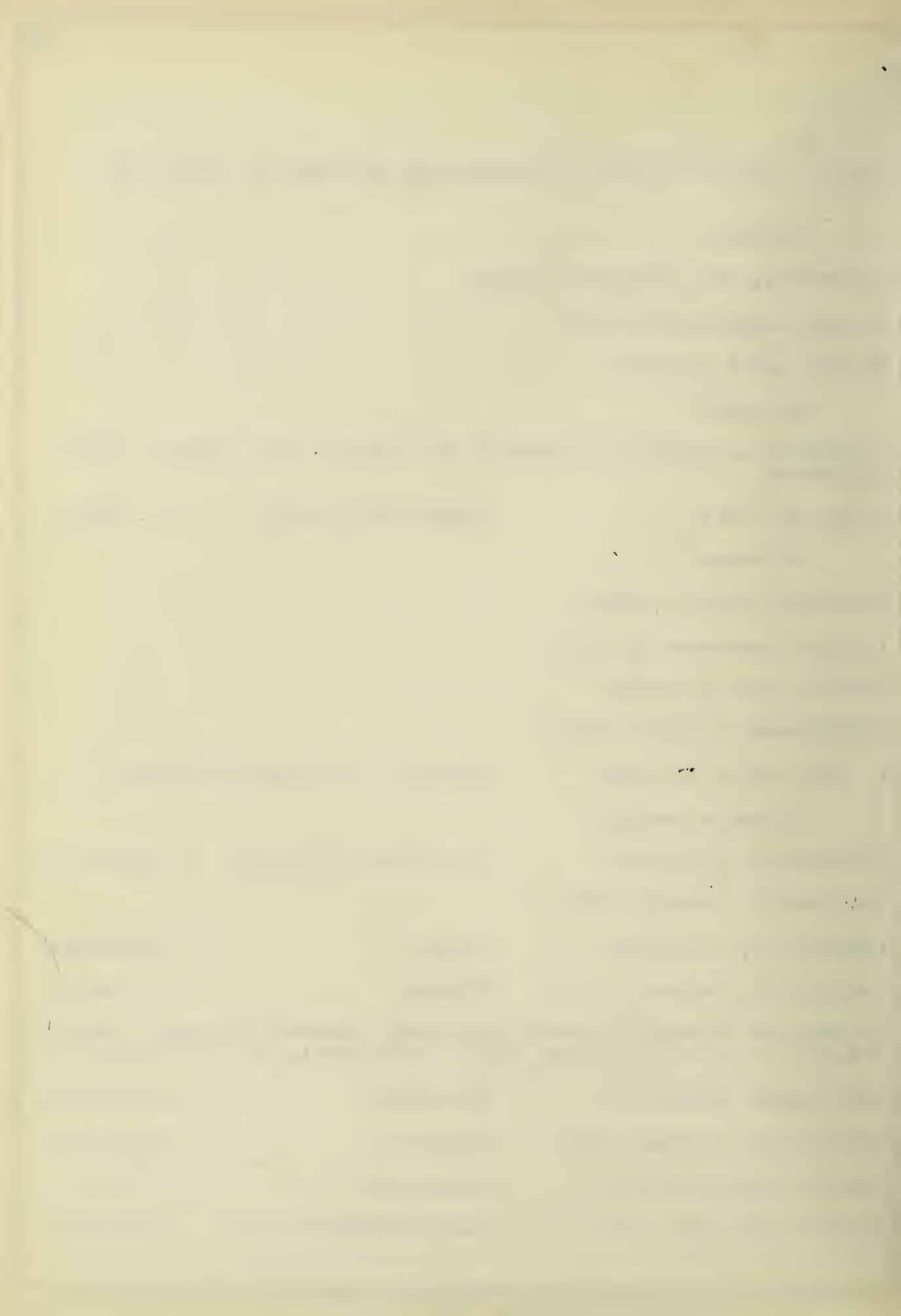
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97:279-290, February 1912

✓ Vague Thoughts on Art J. Galsworthy

100:103- July 1913

✓ Realistic Drama W. L. Courtney

100:739-751, October 1913

P. P. Howe

103:685-692, April 1915

Reverie of a Sportsman J. Galsworthy

103:839-845, May 1915  
worthy

Diagnosis of the Englishman J. Gals-

104:924-929, November 1915

Art and the War

J. Galsworthy

108:383-396, September 1917

France 1916-1917

J. Galsworthy

#### Forum

43:1-10, 124-128, 311-315, 423-440, January to April 1910

43:70-72, January 1910

Edward Goodman

#### Good Housekeeping

64:18-22, January, 14-17 February, 18-21 March, 32-35 April  
Tree J. Galsworthy .

Apple-

65:31-34, September 1917

Juryman

J. Galsworthy

#### Graphic

81:268, February 26, 1910

86:854, November 30, 1912

Max Beerbohm

86:897, December 7, 1912

87:774, May 10, 1913

89:772, May 2, 1914

#### Green Book

7:970-973, May 1913

7:1198-1200, June 1912

Magda F. West

#### Green Book Album

3:391-392, February 1910

#### Hampton

24:272, February 1910





## Harper's Magazine

|                         |              |               |
|-------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| 136:646-655, April 1918 | Speculations | J. Galsworthy |
|-------------------------|--------------|---------------|

## Harper's Weekly

|                     |  |  |
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| 56:6, April 6, 1912 |  |  |
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| 56:11, November 16, 1912 | Prisoner | J. Galsworthy |
|--------------------------|----------|---------------|

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| 58:6-8, April 18, 1914 | Writer | J. Galsworthy |
|------------------------|--------|---------------|

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| 58:13-15, April 25, 1914 | Critic | J. Galsworthy |
|--------------------------|--------|---------------|

|                       |           |               |
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| 58:22-24, May 2, 1914 | Plain Man | J. Galsworthy |
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| 58:22-23, May 9, 1914 | Superlative | J. Galsworthy |
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| 58:18-20, May 16, 1914 | Philosopher | J. Galsworthy |
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| 58:23-24, May 23, 1914 | Artist | J. Galsworthy |
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| 58:24-26, May 30, 1914 | Housewife | J. Galsworthy |
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| 58:18-19, June 6, 1914 | Latest Thing | J. Galsworthy |
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| 58:22-24, June 13, 1914 | Perfect One | J. Galsworthy |
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| 58:13-15, June 20, 1914 | Conqueror | J. Galsworthy |
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| 58:28, November 22, 1913 | Galsworthy's Latest | N. Hapgood |
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| 59:364, October 17, 1914 | Mere Scrap of Paper | J. Galsworthy |
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| 62:440, April 22, 1916 |  |  |
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## Hibbert Journal

|                        |                         |               |
|------------------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| 11:508-520, April 1913 | New Spirit in the Drama | J. Galsworthy |
|------------------------|-------------------------|---------------|

## Illustrated London News

|                         |  |  |
|-------------------------|--|--|
| 134:370, March 13, 1909 |  |  |
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| 134:518, April 10, 1909 |  |  |
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| 136:294, February 26, 1910 |  |  |
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| 138:326, March 4, 1911 |  |  |
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| 140:150, February 3, 1912 |  |  |
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| 141:792, November 30, 1912 |  |  |
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142:638, May 10, 1913

143:422, September 20, 1913

144:69, April 25, 1914

#### Independent

67:931, October 21, 1909

69:931, October 27, 1910

71:46, July 6, 1911

72:617-619, March 21, 1912

73:1498-1499, December 26, 1912

76:218, October 30, 1913  
Flower

Galsworthy at his Best--The Dark

79:72, July 13, 1914

#### Life

54:520, October 14, 1909

54:855, December 9, 1909

J. S. Metcalfe

57:584, March 23, 1911

J. B. Kerfoot

59:588, March 21, 1912

J. S. Metcalfe

59:1068-1069, May 23, 1912

J. B. Kerfoot

#### Literary Digest

39:1013, December 4, 1909

44:592-593, March 23, 1912

✓ Literary Invasion of the Stage

48:758, April 4, 1914

New Order of Men of Letters

52:1220-1221, April 29, 1916

52:1634, June 3, 1916

52:1859, June 24, 1916

54:1256-1257, April 28, 1917

Galsworthy's Welcome To Us

#### Living Age

254:248-251, July 27, 1907

Old Age

J. Galsworthy





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|---|-------------------------------|----------------|
| 254:435-438, August 17, 1907            | Demos                         | J. Galsworthy  |
| 254:566:567, August 31, 1907            | Fashion                       | J. Galsworthy  |
| 255:569-572, November 30, 1907          | House of Silence              | J. Galsworthy  |
| 256:305-307, February 1, 1908           | Old Order                     | J. Galsworthy  |
| 256:426-430, February 15, 1908          | Money                         | J. Galsworthy  |
| 257:247-251, April 25, 1908             | Comfort                       | J. Galsworthy  |
| 257:317-319, May 2, 1908                | Child                         | J. Galsworthy  |
| 257:416-420, May 16, 1908               | Joseph Conrad                 | J. Galsworthy  |
| 259:240-243, October 24, 1908           | Review of A Commentary        |                |
| 259:514, November 28, 1908              | Moor Grave, poem              | J. Galsworthy  |
| 260:450, February 20, 1909              | Church, poem                  | J. Galsworthy  |
| 262:372-375, August 7, 1909             | Prisoner                      | J. Galsworthy  |
| 264:607-609, March 5, 1910<br>Findlater | Social Problems in Fraternity | J. H.          |
| 264:635-638, March 5, 1910              | Choice                        | J. Galsworthy  |
| 266:243-245, July 23, 1910              | Evolution                     | J. Galsworthy  |
| 272:610-618, March 9, 1912              | Vague Thoughts on Art         | J. Galsworthy  |
| 270:834, September 30, 1911             | I ask, poem                   | J. Galsworthy  |
| 273:55-58, April 6, 1912                | Threshing                     | J. Galsworthy  |
| 273:565, June 1, 1912                   | Men and Books                 |                |
| 273:706, June 22, 1912                  | Persia Moritura               | J. Galsworthy  |
| 274:2, July 6, 1912                     | Downs, poem                   | J. Galsworthy  |
| 278:780-786, September 27, 1913         | Realistic Drama               | W. L. Courtney |
| 279:331-340, November 8, 1913           |                               | P. P. Howe     |
| 281:111-112, April 11, 1914             | Heartlessness of Parliament   | J. Galsworthy  |
| 281:116-118, April 11, 1914             | Galsworthy's Eruption         |                |
| 281:620-625, June 6, 1914               | Writer                        | J. Galsworthy  |



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| 281:755-758, June 20, 1914      | Plain Man                      | J. Galsworthy  |
| 282:53-55, July 4, 1914         | Superlative                    | J. Galsworthy  |
| 282:174-177, July 18, 1914      | Preceptor                      | J. Galsworthy  |
| 282:294-297, August 1, 1914     | Artist                         | J. Galsworthy  |
| 282:679-700, September 12, 1914 | Latest Thing                   | J. Galsworthy  |
| 283:43-46, October 3, 1914      | Perfect One                    | J. Galsworthy  |
| 289:386, May 13, 1916           | England to Free Men, poem      | J. Gals-       |
| worthy                          |                                |                |
| 293:504-506, May 26, 1917       | To Senator Lodge               | J. Galsworthy  |
| Metropolitan                    |                                |                |
| 31:816-817, March 1910          |                                |                |
| Munsey                          |                                |                |
| 47:283, May 1912                |                                |                |
| Nation                          |                                |                |
| 89:167, August 10, 1909         |                                |                |
| 89:520-521, November 25, 1909   |                                |                |
| 91:398, October 27, 1910        |                                |                |
| 93:270, September 21, 1911      |                                |                |
| 95:572, December 12, 1912       |                                |                |
| 96:505-506, May 15, 1913        |                                |                |
| 97:380, October 23, 1913        | Rule that Proves the Exception |                |
| 98:285, March 19, 1914          | Galsworthy's Protest           |                |
| 98:342, March 26, 1914          |                                |                |
| 98:582, May 14, 1914            | Review of The Mob              | William Archer |
| 99:657-658, December 3, 1914    | Reply to Mr. Galsworthy        | M. Schuetze    |
| 102:419, April 13, 1916         |                                |                |
| New Republic                    |                                |                |
| 1:27-28, November 7, 1914       |                                |                |





6:294, April 15, 1916

9:16-18, November 4, 1916  
and Justice Compared

One Americanization--Under Sentence

10:106, February 24, 1917

Criticism of The Little Man

New York Dramatic News

55:14-15, March 16, 1912

New York Dramatist

62:5, November 27, 1909

67:6, March 13, 1912

71:7, April 22, 1914

New York Times

14:477, August 7, 1909

15:582, October 22, 1910

16:704, November 5, 1911

17:159, March 24, 1912

18:47, February 2, 1913

Lucian Carey

19:87, February 22, 1914

19:321, July 26, 1914

North American Review

201:683-689, May 1915

Diagnosis of the Englishman J.Galsworthy

202:889-898, December 1915

L. C. Willcox

206:628-632, October 1917

Review of Beyond

L. Gilman

206:841-857, December 1917

Balance Sheet of the Soldier Workman J.G.

Outlook (English)

23:397, March 20, 1909

Outlook (American)

97:260, February 4, 1911

100:608-609, March 23, 1912



103:231-232, January 25, 1913      Review of The Inn of Tranquillity

104:38, May 3, 1913

106:371, February 14, 1914

107:758, July 25, 1914

113:246-248, May 31, 1916

Pearson

22:229, August 1909

Red Book

19:370, 372-375, June 1912

Louis V. DeFoe

Review de Paris

24, pt. 6:853-871, December 15, 1917      Impressions de France  
J. Galsworthy

Review of Review

42:763, December 1910

45:632, May 1912

47:632-633, May 1913

49:501-502, April 1914

Saturday Review

112:88, July 15, 1911

116:359, September 20, 1913

Scribner's

49:531-540, May 1911

The Little Dream

J. Galsworthy

51:135, February 1912

Wind, poem

J. Galsworthy

51:175, February 1912

Love, poem

J. Galsworthy

51:176, February 1912

Time, poem

J. Galsworthy

51:176, February 1912

Autumn by the Sea, poem J. Galsworthy

51:292-295, March 1912

Quality

J. Galsworthy

52:191-192, August 1912

That Old Time Place

J. Galsworthy





- 53:403-420, 601-619; 54:119-132, 195-203, 340-352, 497-506, 595-606,  
April to November 1913                      The Dark Flower                      J. Galsworthy
- 56:415, October 1914                      Desert Song, poem                      J. Galsworthy
- 56:559-565, November 1914                      Thoughts on this War                      J. Galsworthy
- 56:735-741, December 1914                      A Simple Tale                      J. Galsworthy
- 57:1-15, 153-169, 318-331, 499-515, 575-590, 735-753, 58:21-32, 230-  
239, 362-380, January to September 1915,                      The Freelands                      J. Galswor-  
thy
- 57:252-253, February 1915                      Hathor:a memory                      J. Galsworthy
- 57:445-451, April 1915                      Sekhet: a dream                      J. Galsworthy
- 59:17-24, January 1916                      Second Thoughts on this War                      J. Gals-  
worthy
- 62:129-139, August 1917                      Defeat                      J. Galsworthy
- 62:658-669, December 1917                      Flotsam and Jetsam                      J. Galsworthy
- Spectator
- 102:498-499, March 27, 1909
- 104:339, February 26, 1910
- 112:380, March 7, 1914                      Politics and Irrelevance
- 115:248-249, August 21, 1915                      Review of Freelands
- Survey
- 27:1238-1239, November 18, 1911
- Theatre
- 7:114, 129, May 1907
- 11:2-3, January 1910
- 14:89-90, September 1911
- 15:106-107, April 1912
- Washington Herald
- December 29, 1912                      Interview by Kate Carew
- Westminster Review
- 171:682-693, June 1909                      Novels of Galsworthy                      M. H. H. Macart-



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Yale Review

15:478-480, July 1912







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